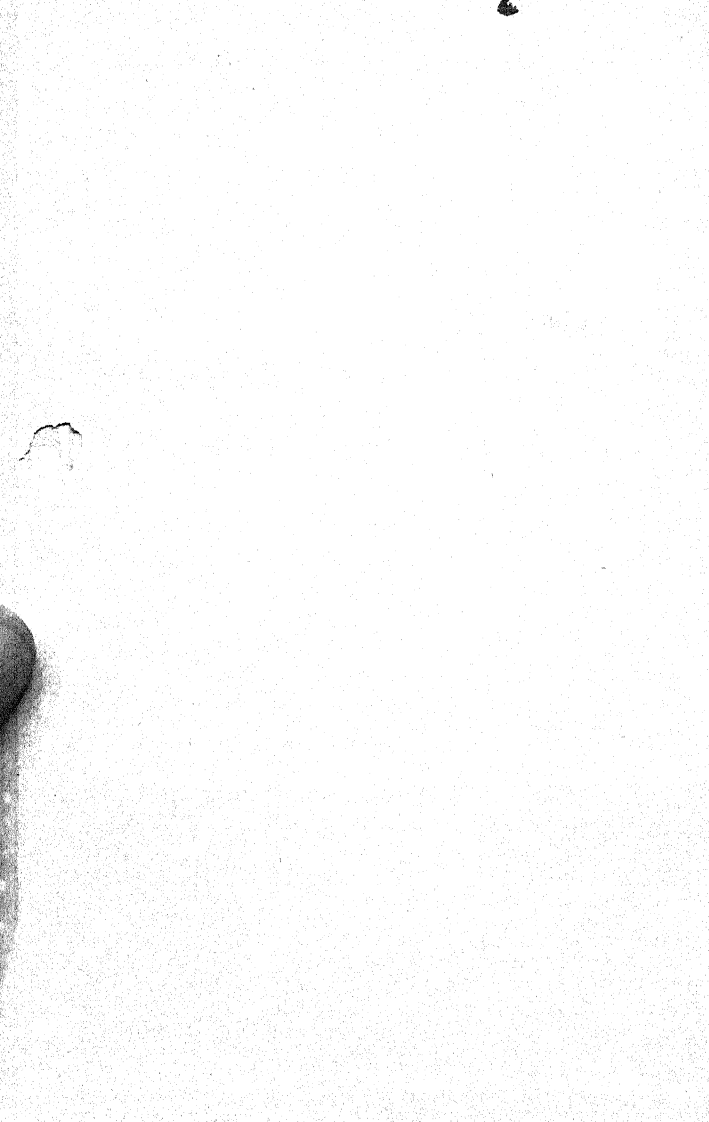


POEMS BY  
ROBERT HERRICK







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After an engraving by Luigi Schiavonetti

POEMS

BY

ROBERT HERRICK

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

ALICE MEYNELL

THE GRESHAM PUBLISHING COMPANY

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*A certain time of the seventeenth century is Herrick's, but Herrick is also the time's. He occurs, with his genius and simplicity, precisely when the language was simple and full of genius. It is as though English, in those few decades of years, had only to speak in order to say something exquisite; but then it must be with Herrick's tongue. His time is virtually between the Elizabethan age and that seventeenth century which fulfilled the promise of ages and with its close brought a whole literature to an end. At times Herrick is purely, freshly, an Elizabethan; then again there is the riper and richer phrase of the mellow day. The silver sunshine of morning changes to the golden sunshine of afternoon, of the westering hours. "Rise and put on your foliage!" he cries to Corinna in that poem which has so cool and so clear an Elizabethan note in its many lines; and the sentence has the*

conscious richness of the somewhat later time. This is but one example of the fuller, if not deeper, fancy of this riper day. Corinna's apparel—her foliage—may represent for us that more abundant fancy; but, to continue the similitude, there may be also for us a suggestion of regret for the slender leafage of the fresher Elizabethan reign, the time when some of the leaves were still in bud, and when the green was light.

Herrick follows generally the convention of his time, and writes of love, of beauty, of the country, of approaching old age, of death, as did his contemporaries; we hardly know how much the clear poetic sincerity owed to his experience as a man. He certainly loved town, and he hated Devonshire, which was probably as far as he ever went from it; and he bravely breaks from the convention to tell us so. But soon he is back again at play with the praise of a country life, making a little ready-made boast of his frugal table and his content. "His Noble Numbers" surely carry a truer as well as a graver burden. In these fine poems he exerts himself to think—always very simply, but still to think; he is no longer content with that mere utterance

*which with him is almost always so enchanting. He has thought out his plain religious position, and has undergone something in the change of heart. Here and everywhere in the several regions of his to-and-fro, limited, and repeated little poetic walks, he has his own proper dignity, the dignity of his fortunate lyrical language.*

*For it is to the lyrical language—the vintage of a happy year, Herrick's year, that we return. It was a language not overcharged by the poets of the past, but charged to the right point. It bore the significance of the sixteenth century and earlier; it was capable of the "golden pomp" of the late seventeenth, but the capacity was not yet filled. When Herrick speaks to his lady of "the babies in her eyes", he uses a delightful phrase of which the sweetness is both his and the time's; and, we may add, the modern reader's in his place. "Babies" are in sixteenth and seventeenth centuries what we call dolls. Shakespeare's "baby of a girl" is merely a little girl's doll. If Herrick meant to give to the images in clear eyes, the name of dolls, we know not precisely; but we find the word babies exquisite and innocent. We refer the word*

*to the lovelier poem of a modern poet,  
Coventry Palmore, who writes of eyes*

*"In whose brown shade  
Bright Venus and her baby played".*

*Here speaks the poet of imagination, and Her-  
rick was perhaps not this--not more than the  
poet of fancy; but of poets of fancy the spright-  
liest, and—the word is not too great—the  
noblest.*

*ALICE MEYNELL.*

# Contents

	Page
HESPERIDES—	
The Argument of his Book - - -	3
To his Muse - - - - -	4
To his Book - - - - -	6
Another - - - - -	7
To the Sour Reader - - - -	8
To his Book - - - - -	9
When he would have his Verses Read	10
To Dianeme - - - - -	11
To Meadows - - - - -	12
To Blossoms - - - - -	13
To Daffodils - - - - -	14
To Daisies, Not to Shut so Soon -	15
To Violets - - - - -	16
To the Virgins, To Make Much of Time	17
Dress - - - - -	18
In Silks - - - - -	19
Corinna's Going a-Maying - - -	20
Ben Jonson - - - - -	24
Upon Julia's Recovery - - - -	25
The Parliament of Roses to Julia	26
To Perilla - - - - -	27
The Wounded Heart - - - - -	29
No Loathsomeness in Love - - -	30
To Anthea - - - - -	31
Soft Music - - - - -	32
Love, What it is - - - - -	33



# CONTENTS

	Page
Presence and Absence - - -	34
The Pomander Bracelet - - -	35
How the Wallflower Came First -	36
To His Mistress Objecting to Him Neither Toying or Talking - -	37
The Dream - - - - -	38
To Love - - - - -	39
The Rosary - - - - -	40
The Parcæ; or Three Dainty Desti- nies - - - - -	41
To Robin Red-breast - - - - -	42
Discontents in Devon - - - - -	43
To Anthea - - - - -	44
Sweetness in Sacrifice - - - - -	45
Steam in Sacrifice - - - - -	46
All Things Decay and Die - - -	47
The Succession of the Four Sweet Months - - - - -	48
No Shipwreck of Virtue - - - -	49
Upon His Sister-in-Law, Mistress Elizabeth Herrick - - - - -	50
Of Love - - - - -	51
To the King, upon his Coming with his Army into the West - - - -	52
The Cheat of Cupid; or, the Ungentle Guest - - - - -	53
To the Reverend Shade of his Reli- gious Father - - - - -	55
Upon Love - - - - -	57
To Laurels - - - - -	58
The Bag of the Bee - - - - -	59
To Critics - - - - -	60
A Country Life: To his Brother, Mr. Thomas Herrick - - - - -	61
Divination by a Daffodil - - -	68
The Frozen Zone; or, Julia Disdainful	69
To the Patron of Poets, M. Endymion Porter - - - - -	70

# CONTENTS

	Page
His Parting from Mrs. Dorothy Kene-	
day - - - - -	71
An Epitaph upon a Child - - - -	72
Upon Mrs. Elizabeth Wheeler, under	
the name of Amaryllis - - - -	73
The Wounded Cupid - - - - -	74
Upon a Wife that Died Mad with	
Jealousy - - - - -	75
Upon the Bishop of Lincoln's Im-	
prisonment - - - - -	76
Tears are Tongues - - - - -	78
His Wish - - - - -	79
The Cruel Maid - - - - -	80
His Misery in a Mistress - - - -	82
To a Gentlewoman Objecting to Him	
His Gray Hairs - - - - -	83
Upon Cupid - - - - -	84
A Ring Presented to Julia - - - -	85
To the Detracter - - - - -	87
Upon the Same - - - - -	88
To Music - - - - -	89
Upon a Child - - - - -	90
The Captiv'd Bee; or, The Little	
Filcher - - - - -	91
An Ode to Master Endymion	
Porter - - - - -	93
To his Dying Brother, Master William	
Herrick - - - - -	95
The Olive Branch - - - - -	97
To his Book - - - - -	98
To Live Merrily, and to Trust to	
Good Verses - - - - -	99
Fair Days; or, Dawns Deceitful	102
To his Friend, on the Untuneable	
Times - - - - -	103
His Poetry his Pillar - - - - -	104
To the Lark - - - - -	106
A Meditation for his Mistress - -	107

# CONTENTS

	Page
The Bleeding Hand; or, The Sprig of Eglantine given to a Maid - - -	109
Lyric for Legacies - - -	110
The Plaudite; or, End of Life - - -	111
To the Most Virtuous Mistress Pot, who many times Entertained him -	112
Upon a Gentlewoman with a Sweet Voice - - - - -	113
Neglect - - - - -	114
Upon a Painted Gentlewoman - - -	115
To Music, to becalm a Sweetsick Youth - - - - -	116
His Recantation - - - - -	117
The Coming of Good Luck - - -	118
On Love - - - - -	119
The Hock-Cart, or Harvest Home - -	120
Upon her Voice - - - - -	123
Not to Love - - - - -	124
To Music. A Song - - - - -	125
To the Western Wind - - - - -	126
Upon the Death of his Sparrow - -	127
To Primroses fill'd with Morning Dew - - - - -	128
Comfort to a Lady upon the Death of her Husband - - - - -	130
How Violets came Blue - - - - -	131
To the Willow Tree - - - - -	132
Mrs. Elizabeth Wheeler, under the Name of the Lost Shepherdess -	133
The Poet's Good Wishes for the Most Hopeful and Handsome Prince, the Duke of York - - - - -	135
To Anthea, who may Command him Any Thing - - - - -	137
To the Nightingale, and Robin Red- breast - - - - -	139
To the Yew and Cypress to Grace his Funeral - - - - -	140

# CONTENTS

	Page
Oberon's Feast - - - - -	141
To Virgins - - - - -	144
A Hymn to Bacchus - - - - -	145
Content, not Cates - - - - -	146
Matins, or Morning Prayer - - - - -	147
The Admonition - - - - -	148
To Flowers - - - - -	149
The Meadow Verse, or Anniversary to Mistress Bridget Lowman - - - - -	150
Upon Himself - - - - -	151
Pray and Prosper - - - - -	152
To the Most Fair and Lovely Mistress Anne Soame, now Lady Abdie - - - - -	153
Upon his Kinswoman Mrs. Elizabeth Herrick - - - - -	155
A Panegyric to Sir Lewis Pemberton - - - - -	156
To his Maid Prue - - - - -	163
How Pansies or Heart's-ease Came First - - - - -	164
Liberty - - - - -	165
Upon Electra - - - - -	166
Of Love - - - - -	167
The Mad Maid's Song - - - - -	168
To Sycamores - - - - -	170
To Groves - - - - -	171
His Alms - - - - -	173
To Enjoy the Time - - - - -	174
Nothing Free-cost - - - - -	175
Few Fortunate - - - - -	176
The Old Wives' Prayer - - - - -	177
The Wassail - - - - -	178
How Springs Came First - - - - -	180
Upon His Eye-sight Failing Him - - - - -	181
Upon Julia's Hair Filled with Dew - - - - -	182
To a Bed of Tulips - - - - -	183
To Julia - - - - -	184
How Marigolds Came Yellow - - - - -	185
Upon Himself - - - - -	186

# CONTENTS

	Page
Hope Well and Have Well; or, Fair	
After Foul Weather - - - - -	187
Upon Love - - - - -	188
Fortune Favours - - - - -	189
To Phillis to Love, and Live With Him	190
To His Kinswoman, Mistress Susanna	
Herrick - - - - -	193
Upon Her Eyes - - - - -	194
Upon Her Feet - - - - -	195
Upon His Gray Hairs - - - - -	196
Meat Without Mirth - - - - -	197
To His Tomb-maker - - - - -	198
His Content in the Country - - - - -	199
The Fairies - - - - -	200
Art above Nature, to Julia - - - - -	201
Upon Electra's Tears - - - - -	202
A Hymn to the Graces - - - - -	203
The Apparition of his Mistress Calling	
Him to Elysium - - - - -	204
Life is the Body's Light - - - - -	208
Love Lightly Pleased - - - - -	209
The Primrose - - - - -	210
The Headache - - - - -	211
His Prayer to Ben Jonson - - - - -	212
The Bad Season Makes the Poet Sad	213
To the Maids to Walk Abroad - - - - -	214
The Night-piece, to Julia - - - - -	216
To His Verses - - - - -	217
His Charge to Julia at his Death - - - - -	218
The Cobbler's Catch - - - - -	219
The Beggar to Mab, the Fairy Queen	220
Upon an Old Man, a Residentiary - - - - -	222
A Bacchanalian Verse - - - - -	223
The Country Life, to the Honoured	
Mr. Endymion Porter - - - - -	224
To Electra - - - - -	227
To Fortune - - - - -	228
Upon his Verses - - - - -	229

# CONTENTS

	Page
The Rainbow: or, Curious Covenant	230
Adversity - - - - -	231
His Return to London - - -	232
Not Every Day Fit for Verse -	234
To the Genius of his House -	235
His Grange, or Private Wealth -	236
Good Precepts, or Counsel -	238
A Ternary of Littles, upon a Pipkin of Jelly Sent to a Lady - - -	239
Love Dislikes Nothing - - -	241
The Wake - - - - -	242
A Good Husband - - - - -	243
A Psalm or Hymn to the Graces -	244
An Hymn to the Muses - - -	245
Upon Prue his Maid - - - -	246
The Bride-Cake - - - - -	247
The Maiden-Blush - - - - -	248
The Amber Bead - - - - -	249
To my Dearest Sister M. Mercy Herrick	250
The Transfiguration - - - -	251
To Dianeme - - - - -	252
To his Book - - - - -	253
On Himself - - - - -	254
A Defence for Women - - - -	255
Rest Refreshes - - - - -	256
Upon Cupid - - - - -	257
Upon his Spaniel, Tracy - - -	258
Anacreontic Verse - - - - -	259
Parcel-gilt Poetry - - - - -	260
Anthea's Retractation - - -	261
Leprosy in Clothes - - - - -	262
His Tears to Thamasis - - -	263
Twelfth Night, or King and Queen	265
His Desire - - - - -	267
The Tinkers' Song - - - - -	268
To his Peculiar Friend, M. John Wicks - - - - -	269
On Fortune - - - - -	270

# CONTENTS

	Page
God's Commands - - -	345
To God - - -	346
Good Friday - - -	347
His Words to Christ, going to the Cross - - -	350
His Saviour's Words, going to the Cross - - -	351
His Anthem, to Christ on the Cross -	352
To his Saviour's Sepulchre: his Devo- tion - - -	353
His Offering, with the rest, at the Sepulchre - - -	355
His coming to the Sepulchre -	356
To Death - - -	357
The New-Year's Gift - - -	358
Eternity - - -	359
To his Saviour, a Child; a Present, by a Child - - -	360
To his Conscience - - -	361
Cock-Crow - - -	362
A Thanksgiving to God for His House	363
His Dream - - -	366
An Ode, or Psalm, to God - -	367
Evil - - -	368
Grace for a Child - - -	369
To his Dear God - - -	370
To Heaven - - -	371
His Meditation upon Death -	372
To God - - -	374

# Hesperides

(B147)

I

B





## The Argument of his Book

I sing of Brooks, of Blossoms, Birds, and  
Bowers:

Of April, May, of June, and July-Flowers.

I sing of May-poles, Hock-carts, Wassails,  
Wakes,

Of Bride-grooms, Brides, and of their  
Bridal-cakes.

I write of Youth, of Love, and have  
Access

By these, to sing of cleanly-Wantonness.

I sing of Dews, of Rains, and piece by  
piece

Of Balm, of Oil, of Spice, and Amber-  
Greece.

I sing of Times trans-shifting; and I  
write

How Roses first came Red, and Lilies  
White.

I write of Groves, of Twilights, and I  
sing

The Court of Mab, and of the Fairie-  
King.

I write of Hell; I sing (and ever shall)  
Of Heaven, and hope to have it after all.

## To his Muse

Whither, mad maiden, wilt thou roam?  
Far safer 't were to stay at home:  
Where thou mayst sit, and piping please  
The poor and private cottages,  
Since cots and hamlets best agree  
With this thy meaner minstrelsy.  
There with the reed, thou mayst express  
The Shepherd's fleecy happiness:  
And with thy eclogues intermix  
Some smooth and harmless bucolics.  
There on a hillock thou mayst sing  
Unto a handsom shepherdling;  
Or to a girl (that keeps the neat)  
With breath more sweet than violet.  
There, there, (perhaps) such lines as  
these  
May take the simple villages.  
But for the court, the country wit  
Is despicable unto it.  
Stay then at home, and do not go  
Or fly abroad to seek for woe.  
Contempts in courts and cities dwell;  
No critic haunts the poor man's cell:

*TO HIS MUSE*



Where thou mayst hear thine own lines  
read

By no one tongue, there, censured.  
That man's unwise will search for ill,  
And may prevent it, sitting still.

## To his Book

While thou didst keep thy candor undefil'd,  
Dearly I lov'd thee, as my first-born child:  
But when I saw thee wantonly to roam  
From house to house, and never stay at  
home,  
I brake my bonds of Love, and bad thee  
go,  
Regardless whether well thou sped'st, or  
no.  
On with thy fortunes then, whate'er they  
be;  
If good I'll smile, if bad I'll sigh for thee.

## Another

To read my book the virgin shy  
May blush, (while Brutus standeth by;)    
But when he's gone, read through what's  
writ;  
And never stain a cheek for it.

To the Sour  
Reader



If thou dislik'st the piece thou light'st on  
first;

Think that of all that I have writ, the  
worst:

But if thou read'st my book unto the end,  
And still dost this and that verse reprehend:

O perverse man! If all disgustful be,  
The extreme scabb take thee, and thine,  
for me.

To his Book



Come thou not near those men, who are  
like bread  
O'er-leaven'd; or like cheese, o'er-rennetted.



When he would  
have his  
Verses Read

In sober mornings, do not thou rehearse  
The holy incantation of a verse;  
But when that men have both well drunk,  
and fed,  
Let my enchantments then be sung, or  
read.  
When laurel spirits i' th' fire, and when  
the hearth  
Smiles to itself, and gilds the roof with  
mirth;  
When up the thyrse is rais'd, and when  
the sound  
Of sacred orgies flies, a round, a round!  
When the rose reigns, and locks with  
ointments shine,  
Let rigid Cato read these lines of mine.

## To Dianeme

Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes  
Which star-like sparkle in their skies;  
Nor be you proud, that you can see  
All hearts your captives; yours yet free.  
Be you not proud of that rich hair  
Which wantons with the love-sick air;  
Whenas that ruby which you wear,  
Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,  
Will last to be a precious stone  
When all your world of beauty's gone.

## To Meadows



Ye have been fresh and green,  
Ye have been filled with flowers;  
And ye the walks have been  
Where maids have spent their hours.

Ye have beheld how they  
With wicker arks did come  
To kiss and bear away  
The richer cowslips home.

You've heard them sweetly sing,  
And seen them in a round,  
Each virgin, like a Spring,  
With honeysuckles crowned.

But now we see none here  
Whose silvery feet did tread,  
And with dishevelled hair  
Adorned this smoother mead.

Like unthrifths, having spent  
Your stock, and needy grown,  
You're left here to lament  
Your poor estates alone.

## To Blossoms



Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,  
Why do ye fall so fast?  
Your date is not so past,  
But you may stay yet here awhile  
To blush and gently smile,  
And go at last.

What, were you born to be  
An hour or half's delight,  
And so to bid good-night?  
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth  
Merely to show your worth,  
And lose you quite!

But you are lovely leaves, where we  
May read how soon things have  
Their end, though ne'er so brave:  
And after they have shown their pride  
Like you, awhile, they glide  
Into the grave.

## To Daffodils

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see

You haste away so soon:

As yet the early-rising Sun

Has not attained his noon.

Stay, stay,

Until the hasting day

Has run

But to the even-song;

And, having prayed together, we

Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,

We have as short a Spring;

As quick a growth to meet decay

As you, or any thing.

We die,

As your hours do, and dry

Away,

Like to the Summer's rain,

Or as the pearls of morning's dew,

Ne'er to be found again.

To Daisies,  
Not to Shut  
so Soon

Shut not so soon; the dull-eyed night  
Hath not as yet begun  
To make a seizure on the light,  
Or to seal up the sun.

No marigolds yet closed are,  
No shadows great appear;  
Nor doth the early shepherd's star  
Shine like a spangle here.

Stay but till my Julia close  
Her life-begetting eye,  
And let the whole world then dispose  
Itself to live or die.

## To Violets

Welcome, Maids of Honour!  
You do bring  
In the Spring,  
And wait upon her.

She has Virgins many,  
Fresh and fair;  
Yet you are  
More sweet than any.

Y' are the Maiden Posies,  
And so graced,  
To be placed  
'Fore Damask Roses.

Yet though thus respected,  
By and by  
Ye do lie,  
Poor Girls, neglected.

To the Virgins,  
To Make Much  
of Time

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,  
Old Time is still a-flying:  
And this same flower that smiles to-day  
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,  
The higher he 's a-getting,  
The sooner will his race be run,  
And nearer he 's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,  
When youth and blood are warmer;  
But being spent, the worse, and worst  
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time;  
And while ye may, go marry:  
For having lost but once your prime,  
You may for ever tarry.



## Dress

A sweet disorder in the dress  
Kindles in clothes a wantonness:—  
A lawn about the shoulders thrown  
Into a fine distraction,—  
An erring lace, which here and there  
Enthrals the crimson stomacher,—  
A cuff neglectful, and thereby  
Ribbands to flow confusedly,—  
A winning wave, deserving note,  
In the tempestuous petticoat,—  
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie  
I see a wild civility,—  
Do more bewitch me, than when art  
Is too precise in every part.

## In Silks



Whenas in silks my Julia goes,  
Then, then (methinks) how sweetly flows  
That liquefaction of her clothes.

Next, when I cast mine eyes and see  
That brave vibration each way free;  
O how that glittering taketh me!

Corinna's  
Going  
a-Maying

Get up, get up for shame! The blooming  
morn

Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.

See how Aurora throws her fair

Fresh-quilted colours through the air!

Get up, sweet Slug-a-bed, and see

The dew bespangling herb and tree.

Each flower has wept, and bowed toward  
the east

Above an hour since; yet you not drest—

Nay! not so much as out of bed,

When all the birds have matins said,

And sung their thankful hymn: 't is sin,

Nay, profanation, to keep in—

Whereas a thousand virgins on this day  
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in  
May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen  
To come forth, like the Spring-time, fresh  
and green,

## *CORINNA'S GOING A-MAYING*

And sweet as Flora. Take no care  
For jewels for your gown or hair:  
Fear not; the leaves will strew  
Gems in abundance upon you:  
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept  
Against you come, some orient pearls un-  
wept:  
Come, and receive them while the light  
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night:  
And Titan on the eastern hill  
Retires himself, or else stands still  
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief  
in praying:  
Few beads are best, when once we go  
a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come! and coming,  
mark  
How each field turns a street, each street  
a park  
Made green, and trimmed with trees:  
see how  
Devotion gives each house a bough  
Or branch: each porch, each door, ere  
this,  
An ark, a tabernacle is,  
Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove,  
As if here were those cooler shades of love.  
Can such delights be in the street  
And open fields, and we not see 't?

## CORINNA'S GOING A-MAYING

Come, we'll abroad: and let's obey  
The proclamation made for May:  
And sin no more, as we have done, by  
staying:  
But, my Corinna, come! let's go a-Maying.

There's not a budding boy or girl, this day,  
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.  
A deal of youth, ere this, is come  
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.  
Some have despatched their cakes and  
cream,

Before that we have left to dream:  
And some have wept, and wooed, and  
plighted troth,  
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off  
sloth:

Many a green-gown has been given;  
Many a kiss, both odd and even:  
Many a glance, too, has been sent  
From out the eye, Love's firmament:  
Many a jest told of the keys betraying  
This night, and locks picked:—Yet we're  
not a-Maying.

Come! let us go, while we are in our  
prime,  
And take the harmless folly of the time!  
We shall grow old apace, and die  
Before we know our liberty.

## CORINNA'S GOING A-MAYING

Our life is short; and our days run  
As fast away as does the sun:  
And as a vapour, or a drop of rain  
Once lost, can ne'er be found again;  
So when or you or I are made  
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,  
All love, all liking, all delight  
Lies drowned with us in endless night.  
Then while time serves, and we are but  
decaying,  
Come, my Corinna, come! let's go  
a-Maying.

Ben Jonson



Ah, Ben!  
Say how, or when,  
Shall we thy guests  
Meet at those lyric feasts  
Made at the Sun,  
The Dog, the Triple Tun?  
Where we such clusters had  
As made us nobly wild, not mad;  
And yet each verse of thine  
Out-did the meat, out-did the frolic wine.

My Ben!  
Or come again  
Or send to us  
Thy wit's great over-plus;  
But teach us yet  
Wisely to husband it,  
Lest we that talent spend:  
And having once brought to an end  
That precious stock, the store  
Of such a wit, the world should have no  
more.

## Upon Julia's Recovery

Droop, droop no more, or hang the head,  
Ye roses almost witherèd;  
New strength, and newer purple get  
Each here declining violet.  
O Primroses! let this day be  
A Resurrection unto ye;  
And to all flowers allied in blood,  
Or sworn to that sweet sister-hood:  
For health on Julia's cheek hath shed  
Claret, and cream comminglèd.  
And those her lips do now appear  
As beams of coral, but more clear.



The Parliament  
of Roses  
to Julia

I dreamt the roses one time went  
To meet and sit in Parliament:  
The place for these, and for the rest  
Of flowers, was thy spotless breast:  
Over the which a State was drawn  
Of tiffany, or cob-web lawn;  
Then in that parley, all those powers  
Voted the rose, the queen of flowers.  
But so, as that herself should be  
The maid of honour unto thee.

## To Perilla

Ah, my Perilla! dost thou grieve to see  
Me, day by day, to steal away from thee?  
Age calls me hence, and my gray hairs  
bid come,

And haste away to mine eternal home;  
'Twill not be long (Perilla) after this,  
That I must give thee the supremest  
kiss:

Dead when I am, first cast in salt, and  
bring

Part of the cream from that religious  
spring;

With which (Perilla) wash my hands and  
feet;

That done, then wind me in that very  
sheet

Which wrapt thy smooth limbs (when thou  
didst implore

The Gods' protection, but the night be-  
fore).

Follow me weeping to my turf, and there  
Let fall a primrose, and with it a tear:

*TO PERILLA*

Then lastly, let some weekly-strewings be  
Devoted to the memory of me:  
Then shall my ghost not walk about, but  
    keep  
Still in the cool and silent shades of sleep.

## The Wounded Heart



Come bring your sampler, and with art,  
Draw in't a wounded heart,  
And dropping here and there:  
Not that I think, that any dart  
Can make yours bleed a tear,  
Or pierce it any where;  
Yet do it to this end, that I,  
    May by  
        This secret see,  
    Though you can make  
That heart to bleed, yours ne'er will ache  
        For me.

## No Loathsomeness in Love

What I fancy, I approve;  
*No dislike there is in love:*  
Be my Mistress short or tall,  
And distorted there-withal:  
Be she likewise one of those,  
That an acre hath of nose:  
Be her forehead, and her eyes  
Full of incongruities:  
Be her cheeks so shallow too,  
As to show her tongue wag through:  
Be her lips ill hung, or set,  
And her grinders black as jet;  
Has she thin hair, hath she none,  
She's to me a paragon.

## To Anthea

If, dear Anthea, my hard fate it be  
To live some few-sad-hours after thee:  
Thy sacred corse with odours I will burn,  
And with my laurel crown thy golden urn.  
Then holding up (there) such religious  
things,  
As were (time past) thy holy filletings:  
Near to thy reverend pitcher I will fall  
Down dead for grief, and end my woes  
withal:  
So three in one small plat of ground shall  
lie,  
Anthea, Herrick, and his Poetry.

### Soft Music

The mellow touch of music most doth  
wound  
The soul, when it doth rather sigh, than  
sound.

### Love, What it is

Love is a circle that doth restless move  
In the same sweet eternity of love.

Presence and  
Absence



When what is lov'd is present, love doth  
spring;  
But being absent, love lies languishing.



The Pomander  
Bracelet



To me my Julia lately sent  
A bracelet richly redolent:  
The beads I kissed, but most lov'd her  
That did perfume the pomander.

How the Wall-  
flower Came  
First, and Why  
So Called

Why this flower is now call'd so,  
List, sweet maids, and you shall know.  
Understand, this firstling was  
Once a brisk and bonny lass,  
Kept as close as Danae was:  
Who a sprightly springall lov'd,  
And to have it fully prov'd,  
Up she got upon a wall,  
'Tempting down to slide withal:  
But the silken twist untied,  
So she fell, and, bruis'd, she died.  
Love, in pity of the deed,  
And her loving-luckless speed,  
Turn'd her to this plant, we call  
Now, the Flower of the Wall.

To His Mistress  
Objecting to Him  
Neither Toying  
or Talking

You say I love not, 'cause I do not play  
Still with your curls, and kiss the time  
away.

You blame me too, because I can't devise  
Some sport, to please those babies in your  
eyes:

By Love's religion, I must here confess it,  
The most I love, when I the least express it.  
*Small griefs find tongues:* Full casques are  
ever found

To give, (if any, yet) but little sound.  
*Deep waters noiseless are;* And this we  
know,

*That chiding streams betray small depth  
below.*

So when Love speechless is, she doth ex-  
press

A depth in love, and that depth, bottomless.  
Now since my love is tongue-less, know  
me such,

Who speak but little, 'cause I love so much.

## The Dream



Methought (last night) Love in an anger  
came,  
And brought a rod, so whipt me with the  
same:

Myrtle the twigs were, merely to imply,  
Love strikes, but 'tis with gentle cruelty.  
Patient I was: Love pitiful grew then,  
And stroked the stripes, and I was whole  
agen.

Thus like a bee, Love gentle still doth bring  
Honey to salve, where he before did sting.

## To Love



I'm free from thee; and thou no more  
shalt hear

My puling pipe to beat against thine ear:  
Farewell my shackles (though of pearl  
they be);

Such precious thralldom ne'er shall fetter  
me.

He loves his bonds, who when the first  
are broke,

Submits his neck unto a second yoke.

## The Rosary

One ask'd me where the roses grew?  
I bade him not go seek;  
But forthwith bade my Julia shew  
A bud in either cheek.

The Parcæ; or,  
Three Dainty  
Destinies



THE ARMELET

Three lovely sisters working were  
    (As they were closely set)  
Of soft and dainty maiden-hair,  
    A curious armelet.  
I smiling, ask'd them what they did?  
    (Fair Destinies all three)  
Who told me, they had drawn a thread  
    Of life, and 't was for me.  
They show'd me then, how fine 't was spun:  
    And I replied thereto,  
I care not now how soon 'tis done,  
    Or cut, if cut by you.

To Robin  
Red-breast



Laid out for dead, let thy last kindness be  
With leaves and moss-work for to cover me:  
And while the wood-nymphs my cold corpse  
inter,  
Sing thou my dirge, sweet-warbling choris-  
ter!

For epitaph, in foliage, next write this,  
*Here, here, the tomb of Robin Herrick is.*



Discontents  
in Devon



More discontents I never had  
Since I was born, than here,  
Where I have been, and still am sad,  
In this dull Devonshire:  
Yet justly too I must confess  
I ne'er invented such  
Ennobled numbers for the Press,  
Than where I loath'd so much.

## To Anthea

Now is the time, when all the lights wax  
dim;

And thou (Anthea) must withdraw from  
him

Who was thy servant. Dearest, bury me  
Under that holy-oak, or Gospel-tree:

Where (though thou see'st not) thou may  
think upon

Me, when thou yearly go'st procession:

Or for mine honour, lay me in that tomb

In which thy sacred reliques shall have  
room.

For my embalming (sweetest) there will be  
No spices wanting, when I'm laid by thee.

Sweetness in  
Sacrifice



'Tis not greatness they require,  
To be offer'd up by fire:  
But 'tis sweetness that doth please  
Those Eternal Essences.

Steam in  
Sacrifice



If meat the Gods give, I the steam  
High-towering will devote to them:  
Whose easy natures like it well,  
If we the roast have, they the smell

## All Things Decay and Die



*All things decay with Time:* the forest sees  
The growth, and down-fall of her aged  
trees;

That timber tall, which three-score lustres  
stood

The proud dictator of the state-like wood:  
I mean (the sovereign of all plants) the oak  
Droops, dies, and falls without the cleaver's  
stroke.

### The Succession of the Four Sweet Months

First, April, she with mellow showers  
Opens the way for early flowers;  
Then after her comes smiling May,  
In a more rich and sweet array;  
Next enters June, and brings us more  
Gems, than those two that went before:  
Then (lastly) July comes, and she  
More wealth brings in, than all those three.

## No Shipwrack of Virtue



TO A FRIEND

Thou sail'st with others in this Argus here;  
Nor wrack or bulging thou hast cause to  
fear:

But trust to this, my noble passenger;  
Who swims with Virtue, he shall still be  
sure

(Ulysses-like) all tempests to endure;  
And 'midst a thousand gulfs to be secure.

Upon His Sister-  
in-Law, Mistress  
Elizabeth Herrick



First, for effusions due unto the dead,  
My solemn vows have here accomplished:  
Next, how I love thee, that my grief must  
tell,  
Wherein thou liv'st for ever. Dear, fare-  
well.



## Of Love

How Love came in, I do not know,  
Whether by th' eye, or ear, or no;  
Or whether with the soul it came  
(At first) infused with the same;  
Whether in part 'tis here or there,  
Or, like the soul, whole every where:  
This troubles me: but I as well  
As any other, this can tell;  
That when from hence she does depart,  
The out-let then is from the heart.

To the King,  
upon his Coming  
with his Army  
into the West

Welcome, most welcome, to our vows and  
us,

Most great, and universal Genius! .

The drooping west, which hitherto has  
stood

As one, in long-lamented widowhood,  
Looks like a bride now, or a bed of  
flowers,

Newly refresh'd, both by the sun, and  
showers.

War, which before was horrid, now ap-  
pears

Lovely in you, brave Prince of Cavaliers!  
A deal of courage in each bosom springs  
By your access; (O you the best of Kings!)  
Ride on with all white omens; so that  
where

Your standard's up, we fix a conquest  
there.

The Cheat of  
Cupid; or, the  
Ungentle Guest



One silent night of late,  
When every creature rested,  
Came one unto my gate,  
And knocking, me molested.

Who's that (said I) beats there,  
And troubles thus the sleepy?  
Cast off (said he) all fear,  
And let not locks thus keep ye.

For I a boy am, who  
By moonless nights have swerved;  
And all with showers wet through,  
And e'en with cold half starved.

I pitiful arose,  
And soon a taper lighted;  
And did myself disclose  
Unto the lad benighted.

## *THE CHEAT OF CUPID*

I saw he had a bow,  
And wings too, which did shiver;  
And looking down below,  
I spied he had a quiver.

I to my chimney's shine  
Brought him (as Love professes)  
And chafed his hands with mine,  
And dried his dropping tresses:

But when he felt him warm'd:  
Let's try this bow of ours,  
And string, if they be harm'd,  
(Said he) with these late showers.

Forthwith his bow he bent,  
And wedded string and arrow,  
And struck me, that it went  
Quite through my heart and marrow.

Then laughing loud, he flew  
Away, and thus said flying:  
Adieu, mine host, adieu,  
I'll leave thy heart a-dying.

To the Reverend  
Shade of his  
Religious Father

That for seven lustres I did never come  
To do the rites to thy religious tomb;  
That neither hair was cut, or true tears  
shed

By me, o'er thee (as justments to the  
dead),

Forgive, forgive me; since I did not know  
Whether thy bones had here their rest, or  
no.

But now 'tis known: Behold, behold, I  
bring

Unto thy ghost th' effuséd offering:  
And look, what smallage, night-shade,  
cypress, yew,

Unto the shades have been, or now are  
due,

Here I devote; and something more than  
so,

I come to pay a debt of birth I owe.

*TO HIS FATHER*

Thou gav'st me life (but mortal); for that  
one

Favour, I'll make full satisfaction;  
For my life mortal, rise from out thy  
hearse,

And take a life immortal from my verse.

## Upon Love



Love scorch'd my finger, but did spare  
The burning of my heart;  
To signify, in Love my share  
Should be a little part.

Little I love; but if that he  
Would but that heat recall:  
That joint to ashes should be burnt,  
Ere I would love at all.

## To Laurels

A funeral stone,  
Or verse I covet none,  
But only crave  
Of you that I may have  
A sacred laurel springing from my grave:  
Which being seen,  
Blest with perpetual green,  
May grow to be  
Not so much call'd a tree,  
As the eternal monument of me.



## The Bag of the Bee



About the sweet bag of a bee,  
Two Cupids fell at odds;  
And whose the pretty prize should be,  
They vow'd to ask the Gods.

Which Venus hearing, thither came,  
And for their boldness stript them:  
And taking thence from each his flame  
With rods of myrtle whipt them.

Which done, to still their wanton cries,  
When quiet grown sh'ad seen them,  
She kisst, and wip'd their dove-like eyes;  
And gave the bag between them.

To Critics



I'll write, because I'll give  
You Critics means to live:  
For should I not supply  
The cause, th' effect would die.

A Country Life:  
To his Brother,  
Mr. Thomas Herrick



Thrice, and above, blest (my soul's half)  
art thou,

In thy both last, and better vow;  
Couldst leave the city, for exchange, to  
see

The country's sweet simplicity;  
And it to know, and practise; with intent  
To grow the sooner innocent,

By studying to know virtue; and to aim

More at her nature, than her name.

The last is but the least; the first doth tell

Ways less to live, than to live well:

And both are known to thee, who now  
canst live

Led by thy conscience; to give

Justice to soon-pleas'd nature; and to  
know,

Wisdom and she together go,

And keep one centre: This with that con-  
spires,

To teach Man to confine desires:

## *A COUNTRY LIFE*

And know, that riches have their proper  
stint,

In the contented mind, not mint.

And canst instruct, that those who have  
the itch

Of craving more, are never rich.

These things thou know'st to th' height,  
and dost prevent

That plague; because thou art content  
With that heav'n gave thee with a wary  
hand,

(More blessed in thy brass, than land)  
To keep cheap Nature even, and upright;  
To cool, not cocker appetite.

Thus thou canst tersely live to satisfy

The belly chiefly; not the eye:

Keeping the barking stomach wisely quiet,  
Less with a neat, than needful diet.

But that which most makes sweet thy  
country life,

Is, the fruition of a wife:

Whom (stars consenting with thy fate)  
thou hast

Got, not so beautiful, as chaste:

By whose warm side thou dost securely  
sleep

(While Love the sentinel doth keep)

With those deeds done by day, which ne'er  
affright

Thy silken slumbers in the night.

## A COUNTRY LIFE

Nor has the darkness power to usher in  
Fear to those sheets, that know no sin.  
The damask'd meadows, and the pebbly  
streams

Sweeten, and make soft your dreams:  
The purling springs, groves, birds, and  
well-weav'd bowers,

With fields enamelléd with flowers,  
Present their shapes; while fantasy dis-  
closes

Millions of lilies mixt with roses.  
Then dream, ye hear the lamb by many a  
bleat

Woo'd to come suck the milky teat:  
While Faunus in the vision comes to keep,  
From rav'ning wolves the fleecy sheep.  
With thousand such enchanting dreams,  
that meet

To make sleep not so sound, as sweet:  
Nor can these figures so thy rest endear,  
As not to rise when Chanticleere  
Warns the last watch; but with the dawn  
dost rise

To work, but first to sacrifice;  
Making thy peace with heav'n, for some  
late fault,

With holy-meal, and spirting-salt.  
Which done, thy painful thumb this sen-  
tence tells us,

*Jove for our labour all things sells us.*

## A COUNTRY LIFE

Nor are thy daily and devout affairs  
Attended with those desp'rate cares,  
The industrious merchant has; who for to  
find

Gold, runneth to the Western Inde,  
And back again (tortur'd with fears) doth  
fly,

Untaught to suffer poverty.  
But thou at home, blest with securest  
ease,

Sitt'st, and believ'st that there be seas,  
And wat'ry dangers; while thy whiter hap  
But sees these things within thy map.

And viewing them with a more safe sur-  
vey,

Mak'st easy fear unto thee say,  
*A heart thrice wall'd with oak, and brass,  
that man*

*Had, first, durst plough the ocean.*  
But thou at home without or tide or gale,  
Canst in thy map securely sail:

Seeing those painted countries; and so  
guess

By those fine shades, their substances:  
And from thy compass taking small ad-  
vice,

Buy'st travel at the lowest price.  
Nor are thine ears so deaf, but thou canst  
hear,

(Far more with wonder, than with fear)

## A COUNTRY LIFE

Fame tell of states, of countries, courts,  
and kings;

And believe there be such things:  
When of these truths, thy happier know-  
ledge lies,

More in thine ears, than in thine eyes.  
And when thou hear'st by that too-true  
report,

Vice rules the most, or all, at court:  
Thy pious wishes are (though thou not  
there)

Virtue had, and mov'd her sphere.  
But thou liv'st fearless; and thy face ne'er  
shows

Fortune when she comes, or goes.  
But with thy equal thoughts, prepar'd  
dost stand,

To take her by the either hand:  
Nor car'st which comes the first, the foul  
or fair;

*A wise man ev'ry way lies square;*  
And like a surly oak with storms perplex,  
Grows still the stronger, strongly vext.  
Be so, bold spirit; stand centre-like, un-  
mov'd;

And be not only thought, but prov'd,  
To be what I report thee; and inure  
Thy self, if want comes, to endure.  
And so thou dost: for thy desires are  
Confin'd to live with private Lar:

## A COUNTRY LIFE

Not curious whether appetite be fed,  
Or with the first, or second bread.  
Who keep'st no proud mouth for delicious  
cates:

Hunger makes coarse meats, delicates.  
Canst, and unurg'd, forsake that larded  
fare,

Which art, not nature, makes so rare,  
To taste boil'd nettles, colworts, beets, and  
eat

These, and sour herbs, as dainty meat.  
While soft opinion makes thy genius say,  
*Content makes all ambrosia.*

Nor is it, that thou keep'st this stricter  
size

So much for want, as exercise:  
To numb the sense of dearth, which should  
sin haste it,

Thou mightst but only see 't, not taste  
it.

Yet can thy humble roof maintain a quire  
Of singing crickets by thy fire:  
And the brisk mouse may feast herself  
with crumbs,

Till that the green-ey'd kitling comes.  
Then to her cabin, blest she can escape  
The sudden danger of a rape.  
And thus thy little well-kept stock doth  
prove,

*Wealth cannot make a life, but Love.*



## A COUNTRY LIFE

Nor art thou so close-handed, but canst  
    spend

(Counsel concurring with the end)

As well as spare: still conning o'er this  
    theme,

To shun the first, and last, extreme.

Ordaining that thy small stock find no  
    breach,

Or to exceed thy tether's reach:

But to live round, and close, and wisely  
    true

To thine own self; and known to few.

Thus let thy rural sanctuary be

    Elisium to thy wife and thee;

There to disport yourselves with golden  
    measure:

*For seldom use commends the pleasure.*

Live, and live blest, thrice happy pair; let  
    breath,

But lost to one, be th' other's death. .

And as there is one love, one faith, one  
    troth,

Be so one death, one grave, to both.

Till when, in such assurance live, ye may

    Nor fear, or wish your dying day.

Divination by  
a Daffodil



When a daffodil I see,  
Hanging down his head t'wards me,  
Guess I may, what I must be:  
First, I shall decline my head;  
Secondly, I shall be dead;  
Lastly, safely buried.

The Frozen  
Zone; or, Julia  
Disdainful

Whither? Say, whither shall I fly,  
To slack these flames wherein I fry?  
To the treasures, shall I go,  
Of the rain, frost, hail, and snow?  
Shall I search the under-ground,  
Where all damps and mists are found?  
Shall I seek (for speedy ease)  
All the floods, and frozen seas?  
Or descend into the deep,  
Where eternal cold does keep?  
These may cool; but there's a zone  
Colder yet than any one:  
That's my Julia's breast, where dwells  
Such destructive icicles;  
As that the congelation will  
Me sooner starve, than those can kill.

To the Patron  
of Poets, M.  
Endymion Porter

Let there be patrons, patrons like to thee,  
Brave Porter! Poets ne'er will wanting be.  
Fabius, and Cotta, Lentulus, all live  
In thee, thou man of men! who here dost  
give

Not only subject-matter for our wit,  
But likewise oil of maintenance to it:  
For which, before thy threshold, we'll lay  
down

Our thyrses, for sceptres; and our bays, for  
crown.

For, to say truth, all garlands are thy due;  
The laurel, myrtle, oak, and ivy too.

His Parting  
from Mrs. Dorothy  
Keneday

When I did go from thee, I felt that  
smart,  
Which bodies do, when souls from them  
depart.  
Thou didst not mind it; though thou  
then mightst see  
Me turn'd to tears; yet didst not weep  
for me.  
'Tis true, I kissed thee; but I could not  
hear  
Thee spend a sigh, t' accompany my tear.  
Methought 'twas strange, that thou so hard  
shouldst prove,  
Whose heart, whose hand, whose ev'ry  
part spake love.  
Prythee (lest maids should censure thee)  
but say  
Thou shed'st one tear, whenas I went  
away;  
And that will please me somewhat: though  
I know,  
And Love will swear 't, my dearest did  
not so.

An Epitaph  
upon a Child



Virgins promis'd when I died,  
That they would each primrose-tide,  
Duly, morn and ev'ning, come,  
And with flowers dress my tomb.  
Having promis'd, pay your debts,  
Maids, and here strew violets.

Upon Mrs.  
Elizabeth Wheeler,  
under the name  
of Amaryllis

Sweet Amaryllis, by a spring's  
Soft and soul-melting murmurings,  
Slept; and thus sleeping, thither flew  
A robin redbreast; who at view,  
Not seeing her at all to stir,  
Brought leaves and moss to cover her:  
But while he, perking, there did pry  
About the arch of either eye,  
The lid began to let out day,  
At which poor robin flew away:  
And seeing her not dead, but all disleav'd.  
He chirped for joy, to see himself deceiv'd.

## The Wounded Cupid



SONG

Cupid as he lay among  
Roses, by a bee was stung.  
Whereupon in anger flying  
To his mother, said thus crying;  
“Help! O help! your boy’s a-dying.”  
“And why, my pretty lad?” said she.  
Then blubbering, replied he,  
“A winged snake has bitten me,  
Which country people call a bee.”  
At which she smil’d; then with her hairs  
And kisses drying up his tears:  
“Alas!” said she, “my wag! if this  
Such a pernicious torment is,  
Come tell me then, how great’s the smart  
Of those thou woundest with thy dart!”



Upon a Wife  
that Died Mad  
with Jealousy



In this little vault she lies,  
Here, with all her jealousies:  
Quiet yet; but if ye make  
Any noise, they both will wake,  
And such spirits raise, 't will then  
Trouble death to lay agen.

## Upon the Bishop of Lincoln's Imprisonment

Never was day so over-sick with showers,  
But that it had some intermitting hours.  
Never was night so tedious, but it knew  
The last watch out, and saw the dawning  
too.

Never was dungeon so obscurely deep,  
Wherein or light, or day, did never peep.  
Never did moon so ebb, or seas so wane,  
But they left hope-seed to fill up again.  
So you, my lord, though you have now  
your stay,

Your night, your prison, and your ebb;  
you may

Spring up afresh, when all these mists  
are spent,

And star-like, once more gild our firmament.

Let but that mighty Cesar speak, and then,  
All bolts, all bars, all gates shall cleave;  
as when

## *THE BISHOP'S IMPRISONMENT*

That earthquake shook the house, and  
gave the stout

Apostles way (unshackled) to go out.

This, as I wish for, so I hope to see;

Though you (my Lord) have been unkind  
to me:

To wound my heart, and never to apply,  
(When you had power) the meanest remedy:

Well; though my grief by you was gall'd,  
the more

Yet I bring balm and oil to heal your sore.

## Tears are Tongues



When Julia chid, I stood as mute the  
while,  
As is the fish, or tongueless crocodile.  
Air coin'd to words, my Julia could not  
hear;  
But she could see each eye to stamp a tear:  
By which, mine angry mistress might  
descry,  
Tears are the noble language of the eye.  
And when true love of words is destitute,  
The eyes by tears speak, while the tongue  
is mute.

## His Wish



It is sufficient if we pray  
To Jove, who gives, and takes away:  
Let him the land and living find;  
Let me alone to fit the mind.

## The Cruel Maid



And cruel maid, because I see  
You scornful of my love, and me:  
I'll trouble you no more; but go  
My way, where you shall never know  
What is become of me: there I  
Will find me out a path to die;  
'Or learn some way how to forget  
You, and your name, for ever. Yet  
Ere I go hence know this from me,  
What will, in time, your Fortune be:  
This to your coyness I will tell;  
And having spoke it once, Farewell.  
The lily will not long endure,  
Nor the snow continue pure;  
The rose, the violet, one day  
See, both these lady-flowers decay:  
And you must fade, as well as they.  
And it may chance that Love may turn,  
And (like to mine) make your heart burn  
And weep to see't; yet this thing do,  
That my last vow commends to you:  
When you shall see that I am dead,  
For pity let a tear be shed;

## THE CRUEL MAID

And (with your mantle o'er me cast)  
Give my cold lips a kiss at last:  
If twice you kiss, you need not fear  
That I shall stir, or live more here.  
Next, hollow out a tomb to cover  
Me; me, the most despised lover:  
And write thereon, *This, Reader, know,*  
*Love kill'd this man.* No more but so.

## His Misery in a Mistress

Water, water I espy:  
Come, and cool ye; all who fry  
In your loves; but none as I.

Though a thousand showers be  
Still a falling, yet I see  
Not one drop to light on me.

Happy you, who can have seas  
For to quench ye, or some ease  
From your kinder mistresses.

I have one, and she alone,  
Of a thousand thousand known,  
Dead to all compassion.

Such an one, as will repeat  
Both the cause, and make the heat  
More by provocation great.

Gentle friends, though I despair  
Of my cure, do you beware  
Of those girls, which cruel are.



To a Gentle-  
woman Objecting  
to Him His  
Gray Hairs

Am I despis'd, because you say,  
And I dare swear, that I am gray?  
Know, Lady, you have but your day:  
And time will come when you shall wear  
Such frost and snow upon your hair;  
And when (though long, it comes to pass)  
You question with your looking-glass;  
And in that sincere crystal seek,  
But find no rose-bud in your cheek:  
Nor any bed to give the shew  
Where such a rare carnation grew.  
Ah! then too late, close in your chamber  
keeping,  
It will be told  
That you are old;  
By those true tears y'are weeping.

## Upon Cupid



Love, like a gipsy, lately came,  
And did me much importune  
To see my hand; that by the same  
He might foretell my fortune.

He saw my palm; and then, said he,  
I tell thee, by this score here,  
That thou, within few months, shalt be  
The youthful Prince *D'Amour* here.

I smil'd; and bade him once more prove  
And by some cross-line show it;  
That I could ne'er be Prince of Love,  
Though here the Princely Poet.

A Ring Pre-  
sented to Julia



Julia, I bring  
To thee this ring,  
Made for thy finger fit;  
To show by this,  
That our love is  
(Or should be) like to it.

Close though it be,  
The joint is free:  
So when Love's yoke is on,  
It must not gall,  
Or fret at all  
With hard oppression.

But it must play  
Still either way;  
And be, too, such a yoke,  
As not too wide,  
To over-slide;  
Or be so strait to choke.

*A RING PRESENTED TO JULIA*

So we, who bear,  
This beam, must rear  
Ourselves to such a height  
As that the stay  
Of either may  
Create the burden light.

And as this round  
Is nowhere found  
To flaw, or else to sever:  
So let our love  
As endless prove;  
And pure as gold for ever.

## To the De- tracter



Where others love, and praise my verses,  
still

Thy long, black thumb-nail marks 'em out  
for ill:

A felon take it, or some whit-flaw come  
For to unslate, or to untile that thumb!  
But cry thee mercy! Exercise thy nails  
To scratch or claw, so that thy tongue  
not rails:

Some numbers prurient are, and some of  
these

Are wanton with their itch; scratch, and  
't will please.

Upon the  
Same



I ask'd thee oft, what Poets thou hast read,  
And lik'st the best? Still thou reply'st,  
    "The dead."  
I shall, ere long, with green turfs cover'd  
    be;  
Then sure thou'lt like, or thou wilt envy  
    me.

## To Music



Begin to charm, and as thou strokest  
mine ears

With thy enchantment, melt me into tears.  
Then let thy active hand scud o'er thy lyre:  
And make my spirits frantic with the fire.  
That done, sink down into a silv'ry strain;  
And make me smooth as balm, and oil  
again.

## Upon a Child

AN EPITAPH



But born, and like a short delight,  
I glided by my parents' sight.  
That done, the harder fates denied  
My longer stay, and so I died.  
If pitying my sad parents' tears,  
You'll spill a tear or two, with theirs,  
And with some flowers my grave bestrew,  
Love and they'll thank you for't. Adieu.



The Captiv'd  
Bee; or, The  
Little Filcher



As Julia once a-slumb'ring lay,  
It chanced a bee did fly that way,  
(After a dew, or dew-like shower)  
To tipple freely in a flower.  
For some rich flower, he took the lip  
Of Julia, and began to sip;  
But when he felt he suckt from thence  
Honey, and in the quintessence,  
He drank so much he scarce could stir;  
So Julia took the pilferer.  
And thus surprised (as filchers use)  
He thus began himself t' excuse:  
"Sweet Lady-Flower, I never brought  
Hither the least one thieving thought:  
But taking those rare lips of yours  
For some fresh, fragrant, luscious flowers,  
I thought I might there take a taste,  
Where so much syrup ran at waste.  
Besides, know this, I never sting  
The flower that gives me nourishing:

## *THE CAPTIV'D BEE*

But with a kiss, or thanks, do pay  
For honey that I bear away."  
This said, he laid his little scrip  
Of honey, 'fore her Ladyship:  
And told her, (as some tears did fall)  
That that, he took, and that was all.  
At which she smil'd; and bade him go  
And take his bag; but thus much know,  
When next he came a-pilf'ring so,  
He should from her full lips derive  
Honey enough to fill his hive.

An Ode to  
Master Endy-  
mion Porter,  
upon his  
Brother's Death

Not all thy flushing suns are set,  
Herrick, as yet:  
Nor doth this far-drawn hemisphere  
Frown, and look sullen ev'rywhere.  
Days may conclude in nights; and suns  
may rest,  
As dead, within the west;  
Yet the next morn, re-gild the fragrant  
east.

Alas for me! that I have lost  
E'en all almost:  
Sunk is my sight; set is my sun;  
And all the loom of life undone:  
The staff, the elm, the prop, the shelt'ring  
wall  
Whereon my vine did crawl,  
Now, now, blown down; needs must the  
old stock fall.

## AN ODE

Yet, Porter, while thou keep'st alive,  
In death I thrive:  
And like a Phenix re-aspire  
From out my nard, and fun'ral fire:  
And as I prune my feather'd youth, so I  
Do mar'l how I could die,  
When I had thee, my chief preserver, by.

I'm up, I'm up, and bless that hand  
Which makes me stand  
Now as I do; and but for thee,  
I must confess, I could not be.  
The debt is paid: for he who doth resign  
Thanks to the gen'rous vine,  
Invites fresh grapes to fill his press with  
wine.

To his Dying  
Brother, Master  
William Herrick



Life of my life, take not so soon thy flight,  
But stay the time till we have bade Good-  
night.

Thou hast both wind and tide with thee;  
thy way

As soon dispatched is by the night, as  
day.

Let us not then so rudely henceforth go  
Till we have wept, kissed, sighed, shook  
hands, or so.

There's pain in parting; and a kind of  
hell,

When once true-lovers take their last Fare-  
well.

What? shall we two our endless leaves  
take here

Without a sad look, or a solemn tear?

He knows not Love, that hath not this  
truth proved,

*Love is most loth to leave the thing beloved.*

## *TO HIS DYING BROTHER*

Pay we our vows, and go; yet when we  
part

Then, even then, I will bequeath my  
heart

Into thy loving hands: For I'll keep none  
To warm my breast, when thou my pulse  
art gone.

No, here I'll last, and well- (a harmless  
shade) p, and ble

About this urn, ~~wimakin~~ thy dust is laid,  
To guard it so, as nothing here shall be  
Heavy, to hurt those sacred seeds of thee.

## The Olive Branch



Sadly I walked within the field,  
To see what comfort it would yield:  
And as I went my private way,  
An olive-branch before me lay:  
And seeing it, I made a stay,  
And took it up, and view'd it; then  
Kissing the omen, said Amen:  
Be, be it so, and let this be  
A divination unto me:  
That in short time my woes shall cease;  
And Love shall crown my end with Peace.

## To his Book

Like to a Bride, come forth, my Book,  
at last,

With all thy richest jewels over-cast:  
Say, if there be 'mongst many gems here,  
one

Deserveless of the name of paragon:  
Blush not at all for that; since we have  
set

Some pearls on queens, that have been  
counterfeit.



To Live Merrily,  
and to Trust  
to Good Verses



Now is the time for mirth,  
Nor cheek, or tongue be dumb:  
For with the flowery earth,  
The golden pomp is come.

The golden pomp is come;  
For now each tree does wear  
(Made of her pap and gum)  
Rich beads of amber here.

Now reigns the rose, and now  
Th' Arabian dew besmears  
My uncontrolled brow,  
And my retorted hairs.

Homer, this health to thee,  
In sack of such a kind,  
That it would make thee see,  
Though thou wert ne'er so blind.

*TO LIVE MERRILY*

Next, Virgil, I'll call forth,  
To pledge this second health  
In wine, whose each cup's worth  
An Indian Common-wealth.

A goblet next I'll drink  
To Ovid; and suppose,  
Made he the pledge, he'd think  
The world had all one Nose.

Then this immensive cup  
Of aromatic wine,  
Catullus, I quaff up  
To that terse Muse of thine.

Wild I am now with heat;  
O Bacchus! cool thy rays!  
Or frantic I shall eat  
Thy thyrses, and bite the bays.

Round, round, the roof does run;  
And being ravished thus,  
Come, I will drink a tun  
To my Propertius.

Now, to Tibullus, next,  
This flood I drink to thee:  
But stay; I see a text,  
That this presents to me.

*TO LIVE MERRILY*

Behold, Tibullus lies  
Here burnt, whose small return  
Of ashes, scarce suffice  
To fill a little urn.

Trust to good verses then;  
They only will aspire,  
When pyramids, as men,  
Are lost, i' th' funeral fire.

And when all bodies meet  
In Lethe to be drown'd;  
Then only numbers sweet,  
With endless life are crown'd.

Fair Days; or,  
Dawns Deceitful

Fair was the dawn; and but e'en now  
the skies  
Show'd like to cream, inspir'd with straw-  
berries:  
But on a sudden, all was chang'd and  
gone  
That smil'd in that first sweet complexion.

To his Friend,  
on the Untune-  
able Times

Pay I could once; but (gentle friend) you  
see

My harp hung up, here on the willow tree.  
Sing I could once; and bravely too inspire  
(With luscious numbers) my melodious  
yre.

Draw I could once (although not stocks  
or stones,  
Amphion-like) men made of flesh and  
bones,

Whither I would; but (ah!) I know not  
how,

I feel in me this transmutation now.

Grief, (my dear friend) has first my harp  
unsrung,

Wither'd my hand, and palsy-struck my  
tongue.

His Poetry  
his Pillar



Only a little more  
I have to write,  
Then I'll give o'er,  
And bid the world Good-night.

'Tis but a flying minute,  
That I must stay,  
Or linger in it;  
And then I must away.

O time that cut'st down all!  
And scarce leav'st here  
Memorial  
Of any men that were.

How many lie forgot  
In vaults beneath?  
And piece-meal rot  
Without a fame in death?

*HIS POETRY HIS PILLAR*

Behold this living stone  
I rear for me,  
Ne'er to be thrown  
Down, envious Time, by thee.

Pillars let some set up,  
(If so they please)  
Here is my hope,  
And my pyramides.

## *A MEDITATION*

You are a dainty violet,  
Yet wither'd, ere you can be set  
Within the virgin's coronet.

You are the queen all flowers among,  
But die you must (fair maid) ere long,  
As he, the maker of this song.



The Bleeding Hand;  
or, The Sprig of  
Eglantine given  
to a Maid



From this bleeding hand of mine,  
Take this sprig of eglantine.  
Which (though sweet unto your smell)  
Yet the fretful briar will tell,  
He who plucks the sweets shall prove  
Many thorns to be in Love.

To the Most  
Virtuous Mistress  
Pot, who many  
times Enter-  
tained him

When I through all my many poems look,  
And see yourself to beautify my book;  
Methinks that only lustre doth appear  
A light fulfilling all the region here.  
Gild still with flames this firmament,  
and be

A lamp eternal to my poetry.  
Which if it now, or shall hereafter shine,  
'T was by your splendour (Lady), not by  
mine.

The oil was yours; and that I owe for yet:  
*He pays the half who does confess the debt.*

Upon a Gentle-  
woman with a  
Sweet Voice



So long you did not sing, or touch your  
lute,  
We knew 't was flesh and blood, that there  
sat mute.  
But when your playing, and your voice  
came in,  
'T was no more you then, but a cherubin.

## Neglect



Art quickens Nature; care will make a  
face:  
Neglected beauty perisheth apace.

Upon a Painted  
Gentlewoman



Men say y'are fair; and fair ye are, 'tis  
true; \*

But (hark!) we praise the painter now,  
not you.

To Music, to  
becalm a Sweet-  
sick Youth



Charms, that call down the moon from  
out her sphere,

On this sick youth work your enchant-  
ments here:

Bind up his senses with your numbers, so  
As to entrance his pain, or cure his woe.

Fall gently, gently, and a while him keep  
Lost in the civil wilderness of sleep:

That done, then let him, dispossessed of  
pain,

Like to a slumbering bride, awake again.

## His Recantation

Love, I recant,  
And pardon crave,  
That lately I offended,  
But 't was,  
Alas,  
To make a brave,  
But no disdain intended.

No more I'll vaunt,  
For now I see  
Thou only hast the power  
To find,  
And bind  
A heart that's free,  
And slave it in an hour.

## The Coming of Good Luck



So good luck came, and on my roof did  
light,  
Like noiseless snow; or as the dew of  
night:  
Not all at once, but gently, as the trees  
Are, by the sunbeams, tickled by degrees.



## On Love

Love bade me ask a gift,  
And I no more did move,  
But this, that I might shift  
Still with my clothes, my love:  
That favour granted was;  
Since which, though I love many,  
Yet so it comes to pass,  
That long I love not any.

The Hock-Cart, or  
Harvest Home:  
To the Right Honour-  
able Mildmay, Earl  
of Westmoreland

Come, sons of summer, by whose toil  
We are the lords of wine and oil;  
By whose tough labours, and rough hands,  
We rip up first, then reap our lands.  
Crown'd with the ears of corn, now come,  
And, to the pipe, sing harvest home.  
Come forth, my lord, and see the cart  
Dressed up with all the country art.  
See, here a maukin, there a sheet,  
As spotless pure as it is sweet:  
The horses, mares, and frisking fillies,  
(Clad, all, in linen, white as lilies.)  
The harvest swains, and wenches bound  
For joy, to see the hock-cart crown'd.  
About the cart, hear, how the rout  
Of rural younglings raise the shout;  
Pressing before, some coming after,  
Those with a shout, and these with  
laughter.

## THE HOCK-CART

Some bless the cart; some kiss the sheaves;  
Some prank them up with oaken leaves:  
Some cross the fill-horse; some with great  
Devotion stroke the home-borne wheat:  
While other rustics, less attent  
To prayers, than to merriment,  
Run after with their breeches rent. .  
Well, on, brave boys, to your lord's hearth,  
Glitt'ring with fire; where, for your mirth,  
Ye shall see first the large and chief  
Foundation of your feast, fat beef:  
With upper stories, mutton, veal  
And bacon (which makes full the meal),  
With sev'ral dishes standing by,  
And here a custard, there a pie,  
And here all-tempting frumenty.  
And for to make the merry cheer,  
If smirking wine be wanting here,  
There's that, which drowns all care, stout  
beer;  
Which freely drink to your lord's health,  
Then to the plough (the commonwealth),  
Next to your flails, your fans, your fats;  
Then to the maids with wheaten hats:  
To the rough sickle, and crooked scythe,  
Drink, frolic, boys, till all be blithe.  
Feed, and grow fat; and as ye eat,  
Be mindful, that the lab'ring neat  
(As you) may have their fill of meat.  
And know, besides, ye must revoke

## Not to Love



He that will not love, must be  
My scholar, and learn this of me:  
There be in love as many fears,  
As the summer's corn has ears:  
Sighs, and sobs, and sorrows more  
Than the sands that make the shore:  
Freezing cold, and fiery heats,  
Fainting swoons, and deadly sweats;  
Now an ague, then a fever,  
Both tormenting lovers ever.  
Wouldst thou know, besides all these,  
How hard a woman 'tis to please;  
How cross, how sullen, and how soon  
She shifts and changes like the moon;  
How false, how hollow she's in heart;  
And how she is her own least part:  
How high she's priz'd, and worth but  
small;  
Little thou 'lt love, or not at all.

To Music.  
A Song

Music, thou queen of Heaven, care-charm-  
ing spell,

That strik'st a stillness into hell:

Thou that tam'st tigers, and fierce storms  
that rise

With thy soul-melting lullabies:

Fall down, down, down, from those thy  
chiming spheres,

To charm our souls, as thou enchant'st  
our ears.

To Primroses fill'd  
with Morning Dew



Why do ye weep, sweet Babes? can tears  
Speak grief in you,  
Who were but born  
Just as the modest morn  
Teem'd her refreshing dew?  
Alas! you have not known that shower,  
That mars a flower;  
Nor felt th' unkind  
Breath of a blasting wind;  
Nor are ye worn with years;  
Or warpt, as we,  
Who think it strange to see  
Such pretty flowers, (like to orphans  
young,)  
To speak by tears, before ye have a  
tongue.

Speak, whimp'ring younglings, and make  
known  
The reason, why  
Ye droop, and weep;  
Is it for want of sleep,  
Or childish lullaby?

*TO PRIMROSES*

Or that ye have not seen as yet  
The violet?  
Or brought a kiss  
From that sweetheart, to this?  
No, no, this sorrow shown  
By your tears shed,  
Would have this lecture read,  
That things of greatest, so of meanest  
worth,  
Conceiv'd with grief are, and with tears  
brought forth.

Comfort to a Lady  
upon the Death of  
her Husband



Dry your sweet cheek, long drown'd with  
sorrow's rain;  
Since clouds dispersed, suns gild the air  
again.  
Seas chafe and fret, and beat, and over-  
boil;  
But turn soon after calm, as balm, or oil.  
Winds have their time to rage; but when  
they cease,  
The leafy trees nod in a still-born peace.  
Your storm is over; Lady, now appear  
Like to the peeping spring-time of the  
year.  
Off then with grave-clothes; put fresh  
colours on;  
And flow, and flame, in your vermillion.  
Upon your cheek sat icicles awhile;  
Now let the rose reign like a queen, and  
smile.



How Violets  
came Blue



Love on a day (wise poets tell)  
Some time in wrangling spent,  
Whether the violets should excel,  
Or she, in sweetest scent.  
But Venus having lost the day,  
Poor girls, she fell on you,  
And beat ye so, (as some dare say)  
Her blows did make ye blue.

## To the Willow Tree



Thou art to all lost love the best,  
The only true plant found,  
Wherewith young men and maids dis-  
tress'd,  
And left of love, are crown'd.

When once the lover's rose is dead,  
Or laid aside forlorn,  
Then willow-garlands, 'bout the head,  
Bedew'd with tears, are worn.

When with neglect, (the lover's bane)  
Poor maids rewarded be,  
For their love lost, their only gain  
Is but a wreath from thee.

And underneath thy cooling shade,  
(When weary of the light)  
The love-spent youth, and love-sick maid  
Come to weep out the night.

Mrs. Elizabeth  
Wheeler, under  
the Name of  
the Lost  
Shepherdess

Among the myrtles, as I walked,  
Love and my sighs thus intertalked:  
"Tell me," said I, in deep distress,  
"Where I may find my shepherdess."  
"Thou fool," said Love, "know'st thou  
not this?

In every thing that's sweet, she is.  
In yond' carnation go and seek,  
There thou shalt find her lip and cheek:  
In that enamel'd pansy by,  
There thou shalt have her curious eye:  
In bloom of peach, and rose's bud,  
There waves the streamer of her blood."  
"'Tis true," said I, and thereupon  
I went to pluck them one by one,  
To make of parts an union;  
But on a sudden all were gone.  
At which I stopped; said Love, "These be  
The true resemblances of thee;

*MRS. ELIZABETH WHEELER*

For as these flowers, thy joys must die,  
And in the turning of an eye;  
And all thy hopes of her must wither,  
Like those short sweets ere knit together."

The Poet's  
Good Wishes  
for the Most  
Hopeful and  
Handsome  
Prince, the  
Duke of York

May his pretty dukeship grow  
Like t' a Rose of Jericho:  
Sweeter far, than ever yet  
Showers or sunshines could beget.  
May the graces, and the hours  
Strew his hopes and him with flowers:  
And so dress him up with love,  
As to be the chick of Jove.  
May the thrice-three sisters sing  
Him the sovereign of their spring:  
And entitle none to be  
Prince of Helicon, but he.  
May his soft foot, where it treads,  
Gardens thence produce and meads:  
And those meadows full be set  
With the rose and violet.

*THE POET'S GOOD WISHES*

May his ample name be known  
To the last succession:  
And his actions high be told  
Through the world, but writ in gold.

To Anthea, who  
may Command  
him Any Thing

Bid me to live, and I will live  
Thy Protestant to be:  
Or bid me love, and I will give  
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,  
A heart as sound and free,  
As in the whole world thou canst find,  
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,  
To honour thy decree:  
Or bid it languish quite away,  
And 't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep,  
While I have eyes to see:  
And having none, yet I will keep  
A heart to weep for thee.

To the Yew and  
Cypress to Grace  
his Funeral



Both you two have  
Relation to the grave:  
And where  
The fun'ral-trump sounds, you are there.

I shall be made  
Ere long a fleeting shade:  
Pray come,  
And do some honour to my tomb.

Do not deny  
My last request; for I  
Will be  
Thankful to you, or friends, for me.



## Oberon's Feast

*Shapcot!<sup>1</sup> to thee the Fairy State  
I with discretion, dedicate.  
Because thou prizest things that are  
Curious and un-familiar,  
Take first the feast; these dishes gone,  
We'll see the Fairy-Court anon.*

A little mushroom-table spread,  
After short prayers, they set on bread;  
A moon-parched grain of purest wheat,  
With some small glitt'ring grit, to eat  
His choice bits with; then in a trice  
They make a feast less great than nice.  
But all this while his eye is serv'd,  
We must not think his ear was sterv'd,  
But that there was in place to stir  
His spleen, the chirring grasshopper;  
The merry cricket, puling fly,  
The piping gnat for minstrelsy.  
And now, we must imagine first,  
The elves present to quench his thirst

<sup>1</sup> Shapcot, Thomas, a lawyer, the poet's friend.

## To Virgins

Hear, ye virgins, and I'll teach,  
What the times of old did preach.  
Rosamond was in a bower  
Kept, as Danae, in a tower:  
But yet love (who subtle is)  
Crept to that, and came to this.  
Be ye locked up like to these,  
Or the rich Hesperides;  
Or those babies in your eyes,  
In their crystal nunneries;  
Notwithstanding love will win,  
Or else force a passage in:  
And as coy be, as you can,  
Gifts will get ye, or the man.

## A Hymn to Bacchus

Bacchus, let me drink no more;  
Wild are seas that want a shore.  
When our drinking has no stint,  
There is no one pleasure in 't.  
I have drank up for to please  
Thee, that great cup Hercules:  
Urge no more; and there shall be  
Daffodils giv'n up to thee.

Content, not  
Cates

'Tis not the food, but the content  
That makes the table's merriment.  
Where trouble serves the board, we eat  
The platters there, as soon as meat.  
A little pipkin with a bit  
Of mutton, or of veal in it,  
Set on my table, (trouble-free)  
More than a feast contenteth me.

Matins, or  
Morning  
Prayer

When with the virgin morning thou dost  
rise,  
Crossing thyself, come thus to sacrifice:  
First wash thy heart in innocence, then  
bring  
Pure hands, pure habits, pure, pure every-  
thing.  
Next to the altar humbly kneel, and thence,  
Give up thy soul in clouds of frankincense.  
Thy golden censers fill'd with odours sweet  
Shall make thy actions with their ends to  
meet.

## The Admonition

Seest thou those diamonds which she wears  
In that rich carcanet;  
Or those on her dishevell'd hairs,  
Fair pearls in order set?  
Believe, young man, all those were tears  
By wretched wooers sent,  
In mournful hyacinths and rue,  
That figure discontent;  
Which when not warmed by her view,  
By cold neglect, each one,  
Congeal'd to pearl and stone;  
Which precious spoils upon her,  
She wears as trophies of her honour.  
Ah then consider what all this implies,  
She that will wear thy tears, would wear  
thine eyes.

## To Flowers



In time of life, I graced ye with my verse;  
Do now your flowery honours to my hearse.  
You shall not languish, trust me: virgins  
    here  
Weeping, shall make ye flourish all the  
    year.

The Meadow Verse,  
or Anniversary to  
Mistress Bridget  
Lowman

Come with the Spring-time forth, fair  
    maid, and be  
This year again, the meadows' Deity.  
Yet ere ye enter, give us leave to set  
Upon your head this flowery coronet:  
To make this neat distinction from the  
    rest;  
You are the prime and princess of the  
    feast:  
To which, with silver feet lead you the  
    way,  
While sweet-breath nymphs attend on  
you this day.  
This is your hour; and best you may  
    command,  
Since you are Lady of this Fairy land.  
Full mirth wait on you; and such mirth  
    as shall  
Cherish the cheek, but make none blush  
    at all.



## Upon Himself



Thou shalt not all die; for while Love's  
fire shines

Upon his altar, men shall read thy lines;  
And learn'd musicians shall to honour  
Herrick's

Fame, and his name, both set, and sing  
his Lyrics.

## Pray and Prosper



First offer incense, then thy field and  
meads

Shall smile and smell the better by thy  
beads.

The spangling dew dredged o'er the grass  
shall be

Turn'd all to mell and manna there for  
thee.

Butter of amber, cream, and wine, and oil  
Shall run, as rivers, all throughout thy  
soil.

Would'st thou to sincere-silver turn thy  
mould?

Pray once; twice pray, and turn thy ground  
to gold.

To the Most  
Fair and Lovely  
Mistress Anne  
Soame, now  
Lady Abdie

So smell those odours that do rise  
From out the wealthy spiceries:  
So smells the flower of blooming clove;  
Or roses smother'd in the stove:  
So smells the air of spiced wine;  
Or essences of jessamine:  
So smells the breath about the hives,  
When well the work of honey thrives;  
And all the busy factors come  
Laden with wax and honey home;  
So smell those neat and woven bowers,  
And over-arched with orange flowers,  
And almond blossoms, that do mix  
To make rich these aromatics:  
So smell those bracelets, and those bands  
Of amber chafed between the hands,  
When thus enkindled they transpire  
A noble perfume from the fire;

*TO MISTRESS ANNE SOAME*

The wine of cherries, and to these,  
The cooling breath of respases;  
The smell of morning's milk, and cream  
Butter of cowslips mixed with them;  
Of roasted warden, or bak'd pear;  
These are not to be reckon'd here;  
Whenas the meanest part of her,  
Smells like the maiden-pomander.  
Thus sweet she smells, or what can be  
More lik'd by her, or lov'd by me.

Upon his Kins-  
woman Mistress  
Elizabeth Herrick

Sweet virgin, that I do not set  
The pillars up of weeping jet  
Or mournful marble, let thy shade  
Not wrathful seem, or fright the maid,  
Who hither at her wonted hours  
Shall come to strew thy earth with flowers.  
No, know (blest maid) when there's not  
one

Remainder left of brass or stone,  
Thy living epitaph shall be  
Though lost in them, yet found in me.  
Dear, in thy bed of roses, then,  
Till this world shall dissolve as men,  
Sleep, while we hide thee from the light,  
Drawing thy curtains round: Good night.

A Panegyric  
to Sir Lewis  
Pemberton



Till I shall come again, let this suffice;  
I send my salt, my sacrifice  
To thee, thy lady, younglings, and as far  
As to thy genius and thy Lar;  
To the worn threshold, porch, hall, parlour,  
kitchen,  
The fat-fed smoking temple, which in  
The wholesome savour of thy mighty  
chines  
Invites to supper him who dines;  
Where laden spits, warp't with large ribs  
of beef,  
Not represent, but give relief  
To the lank stranger, and the sour swain;  
Where both may feed, and come again:  
For no black-bearded vigil from thy door  
Beats with a button'd-staff the poor:  
But from thy warm-love-hatching gates  
each may  
Take friendly morsels, and there stay

*TO SIR LEWIS PEMBERTON*

To sun his thin-clad members, if he likes,  
For thou no porter keep'st who strikes.  
No comer to thy roof his guest-rite wants;  
Or staying there, is scourg'd with  
taunts  
Of some rough groom, who (irked with  
corns) says, "Sir,  
Y'ave dipt too long i' th' vinegar,  
And with our broth and bread, and bits;  
Sir, friend,  
Y'ave fared well, pray make an end;  
Two days y'ave larded here; a third, ye  
know,  
Makes guests and fish smell strong;  
pray go  
You to some other chimney, and there take  
Essay of other giblets; make  
You merry at another's hearth; y'are here  
Welcome as thunder to our beer:  
Manners knows distance, and a man  
unrude  
Would soon recoil, and not intrude  
His stomach to a second meal." No, no,  
Thy house, well fed and taught, can  
show  
No such crab'd vizard: thou hast learnt thy  
train,  
With heart and hand to entertain:  
And by the arms-full (with a breast unhid)  
As the old race of mankind did,

*A PANEGYRIC TO*

When either's heart, and either's hand did  
strive

To be the nearer relative,  
Thou dost redeem those times; and what  
was lost

Of ancient honesty, may boast  
It keeps a growth in thee; and so will run  
A course in thy fame's-pledge, thy son.  
Thus, like a Roman Tribune, thou thy gate  
Early set'st ope to feast, and late:  
Keeping no currish waiter to affright,  
With blasting eye, the appetite,  
Which fain would waste upon thy cates,  
but that

The trencher-creature marketh what  
Best and more suppling piece he cuts, and  
by

Some private pinch tells danger's nigh,  
A hand too desp'rate, or a knife that bites  
Skin-deep into the pork, or lights  
Upon some part of kid, as if mistook,  
When check'd by the butler's look.  
No, no, thy bread, thy wine, thy jocund  
beer

Is not reserv'd for Trebius here,  
But all, who at thy table seated are,  
Find equal freedom, equal fare;  
And thou, like to that hospitable god,  
Jove, joy'st when guests make their  
abode



*SIR LEWIS PEMBERTON*

To eat thy bullocks' thighs, thy veals, thy  
fat

Wethers, and never grudged at.  
The pheasant, partridge, godwit, reeve, ruff,  
rail,

The cock, the curlew, and the quail,  
These, and thy choicest viands do extend  
Their taste unto the lower end  
Of thy glad table: not a dish more known  
To thee, than unto anyone:

But as thy meat, so thy immortal wine  
Makes the smirk face of each to  
shine,

And spring fresh rosebuds, while the salt,  
the wit

Flows from the wine, and graces it:  
While Reverence, waiting at the bashful  
board,

Honours my lady and my lord.  
No scurril jest; no open scene is laid  
Here, for to make the face afraid;  
But temp'rate mirth dealt forth, and so  
discreet-

Ly, that it makes the meat more  
sweet;  
And adds perfumes unto the wine, which  
thou

Dost rather pour forth, than allow  
By cruse and measure; thus devoting wine,  
As the Canary Isles were thine:

## A PANEGRIC TO

But with that wisdom, and that method, as  
No one that's there his guilty glass  
Drinks of distemper, or has cause to cry  
Repentance to his liberty.

No, thou know'st order, ethics, and hast  
read

All economics, know'st to lead  
A house-dance neatly, and can'st truly show  
How far a figure ought to go,  
Forward, or backward, side-ward, and  
what pace

Can give, and what retract, a grace;  
What gesture, courtship, comeliness agrees,  
With those thy primitive decrees,  
To give subsistence to thy house, and proof  
What genii support thy roof,  
Goodness and Greatness; not the oaken  
piles;

*For these, and marbles have their whiles  
To last, but not their ever:* Virtue's hand  
It is, which builds, 'gainst Fate to  
stand.

Such is thy house, whose firm foundations'  
trust

Is more in thee, than in her dust,  
Or depth; these last may yield, and yearly  
shrink,

When what is strongly built, no chink  
Or yawning rupture can the same devour,  
But fixed it stands, by her own power,

SIR LEWIS PEMBERTON

And well-laid bottom, on the iron and rock,  
Which tries, and counter-stands the  
shock,

And ram of time, and by vexation grows  
The stronger: *Virtue dies when foes*  
*Are wanting to her exercise, but great*  
*And large she spreads by dust, and*  
*sweat.*

Safe stand thy walls, and thee, and so both  
will,

Since neither's height was rais'd by  
th' ill

Of others; since no stud, no stone, no piece,  
Was rear'd up by the poor man's  
fleece:

No widow's tenement was racked to gild  
Or fret thy ceiling, or to build

A sweating-closet, to anoint the silk-  
Soft-skin, or bathe in asses' milk:

No orphan's pittance, left him, serv'd to  
set

The pillars up of lasting jet,  
For which their cries might beat against  
thine ears,

Or in the damp jet read their tears.

No plank from hallówed altar does appeal  
To yon star-chamber, or does seal

A curse to thee, or thine; but all things even  
Make for thy peace, and pace to  
heaven.

## *A PANEGYRIC*

Go on directly so, as just men may,  
A thousand times, more swear, than  
say,  
This is that Princely Pemberton, who can  
Teach man to keep a God in man:  
And when wise poets shall search out to see  
Good men, they find them all in thee.

To his  
Maid Prue



These summer-birds did with thy master  
    stay  
The times of warmth; but then they flew  
    away;  
Leaving their Poet (being now grown old)  
Expos'd to all the coming winter's cold.  
But thou, kind Prue, did'st with my fates  
    abide,  
As well the winter's, as the summer's tide:  
For which thy love, live with thy master  
    here,  
Not one, but all the seasons\* of the year.

How Pansies  
or Heart's-ease  
Came First



Frolic virgins once these were,  
Over-loving, (living here:)  
Being here their ends denied  
Ran for sweethearts mad, and died.  
Love, in pity of their tears,  
And their loss in blooming years,  
For their restless here-spent hours,  
Gave them Heart's-ease turn'd to flow'rs.

## Liberty



Those ills that mortal men endure  
So long are capable of cure,  
As they of freedom may be sure:  
But that denied, a grief, though small,  
Shakes the whole roof, or ruins all.

## Upon Electra



When out of bed my Love doth spring,  
'Tis but as day a-kindling:  
But when she's up and fully dressed,  
'Tis then broad day throughout the East.



## Of Love



I do not love, nor can it be  
Love will in vain spend shafts on me:  
I did this godhead once defy;  
Since which I freeze, but cannot fry.  
Yet out, alas! the death's the same,  
Kill'd by a frost or by a flame.

## The Mad Maid's Song



Good morrow to the day so fair;  
Good morrow, sir, to you:  
Good morrow to mine own torn hair  
Bedabbled with the dew.

Good morrow to this primrose too;  
Good morrow to each maid  
That will with flowers the tomb bestrew,  
Wherein my love is laid.

Ah! woe is me, woe, woe is me,  
Alack and welladay!  
For pity, sir, find out that bee  
Which bore my love away.

I'll seek him in your bonnet brave;  
I'll seek him in your eyes;  
Nay, now I think th'ave made his grave  
I' th' bed of strawberries.

## *THE MAD MAID'S SONG*

I'll seek him there; I know, ere this,  
The cold, cold earth doth take him;  
But I will go, or send a kiss  
By you, sir, to awake him.

Pray hurt him not; though he be dead,  
He knows well who do love him,  
And who with green-turfs rear his head,  
And who do rudely move him.

He's soft and tender (pray take heed),  
With bands of cowslips bind him;  
And bring him home; but 't is decreed  
That I shall never find him.

## To Sycamores



I'm sick of love; O let me lie  
Under your shades, to sleep or die;  
Either is welcome, so I have  
Or here my bed, or here my grave.  
Why do you sigh, and sob, and keep  
Time with the tears that I do weep?  
Say, have ye sense, or do you prove  
What crucifixions are in love?  
I know ye do; and that's the why,  
You sigh for love, as well as I.

## To Groves

Ye silent shades, whose each tree here  
Some relic of a saint doth wear  
Who for some sweetheart's sake, did prove  
The fire and martyrdom of love;  
Here is the legend of those saints  
That died for love, and their complaints:  
Their wounded hearts and names we find  
Encarv'd upon the leaves and rind.  
Give way, give way to me, who come  
Scorched with the self-same martyrdom:  
And have deserv'd as much (Love knows)  
As to be canoniz'd 'mongst those  
Whose deeds and death here written are  
Within your greeny-calendar:  
By all those virgins' fillets hung  
Upon your boughs, and requiems sung  
For saints and souls departed hence,  
(Here honour'd still with frankincense);  
By all those tears that have been shed,  
As a drink-offering, to the dead:  
By all those true-love-knots, that be  
With mottoes carv'd on every tree,  
By sweet S. Phillis, pity me:

## *TO GROVES*

By dear S. Iphis, and the rest,  
Of all those other saints now blest;  
Me, me, forsaken, here admit  
Among your myrtles to be writ:  
That my poor name may have the glory  
To live remembered in your story.

## His Alms

Here, here I live,  
And somewhat give;  
Of what I have,  
To those who crave.  
Little or much,  
My alms is such:  
But if my deal  
Of oil and meal  
Shall fuller grow,  
More I'll bestow:  
Mean time be it  
E'en but a bit,  
Or else a crumb,  
The scrip hath come.

To Enjoy  
the Time



While Fates permit us, let's be merry;  
Pass all we must the fatal ferry:  
And this our life too whirls away,  
With the rotation of the day.



Nothing  
Free-cost



Nothing comes free-cost here; Jove will  
not let  
His gifts go from him, if not bought with  
sweat.

Few Fortunate



Many we are, and yet but few possess  
Those fields of everlasting happiness.

The Old  
Wives' Prayer

Holy-rood come forth and shield  
Us i' th' city, and the field:  
Safely guard us, now and aye,  
From the blast that burns by day;  
And those sounds that us affright  
In the dead of dampish night.  
Drive all hurtful fiends us fro,  
By the time the cocks first crow.

## The Wassail



Give way, give way, ye gates, and win  
An easy blessing to your bin,  
And basket, by our entering in.

May both with manchet stand repleat;  
Your larders too so hung with meat,  
That though a thousand thousand eat,

Yet, ere twelve moons shall whirl about  
Their silv'ry spheres, there's none may  
doubt,  
But more's sent in, than was serv'd out.

Next, may your dairies prosper so,  
As that your pans no ebb may know;  
But if they do, the more to flow,

Like to a solemn sober stream  
Banked all with lilies, and the cream  
Of sweetest cowslips filling them.

## THE WASSAIL

Then, may your plants be pressed with  
fruit,  
Nor bee or hive you have be mute;  
But sweetly sounding like a lute.

Last, may your harrows, shares and  
ploughs,  
Your stacks, your stocks, your sweetest  
mows,  
All prosper by our virgin-vows.

Alas! we bless, but see none here,  
That bring us either ale or beer;  
*In a dry-house all things are near.*

Let's leave a longer time to wait,  
Where rust and cobwebs bind the gate;  
And all live here with needy fate.

Where chimneys do for ever weep,  
For want of warmth, and stomachs keep,  
With noise, the servants' eyes from sleep.

It is in vain to sing, or stay  
Our free feet here; but we'll away:  
Yet to the Lares this we'll say:

The time will come, when you'll be sad  
And reckon this for fortune bad,  
T'ave have lost the good ye might have had.

## How Springs Came First

These springs were maidens once that  
lov'd,

But lost to that they most approv'd:  
My story tells, by love they were  
Turn'd to these springs, which we see here;  
The pretty whimpering that they make,  
When of the banks their leave they take,  
Tells ye but this, they are the same,  
In nothing chang'd but in their name.

Upon His  
Eye-sight  
Failing Him



I begin to wane in sight;  
Shortly I shall bid good-night:  
Then no gazing more about,  
When the tapers once are out.

Upon Julia's  
Hair Filled  
with Dew

Dew sat on Julia's hair,  
And spangled too,  
Like leaves that laden are  
With trembling dew:  
Or glitter'd to my sight,  
As when the beams  
Have their reflected light,  
Danced by the streams.



To a Bed  
of Tulips



Bright tulips, we do know,  
You had your coming hither;  
And fading-time does show,  
That ye must quickly wither.

Your sisterhoods may stay,  
And smile here for your hour;  
But die ye must away  
Even as the meanest flower.

Come, virgins, then, and see  
Your frailties; and bemoan ye;  
For lost like these, 't will be,  
As time had never known ye.

To Julia



Julia, when thy Herrick dies,  
Close thou up thy poet's eyes:  
And his last breath, let it be  
Taken in by none but thee.

## How Marigolds Came Yellow



Jealous girls these sometimes were,  
While they liv'd, or lasted here:  
Turn'd to flowers, still they be  
Yellow, marked for jealousy.

To Julia



Julia, when thy Herrick dies,  
Close thou up thy poet's eyes:  
And his last breath, let it be  
Taken in by none but thee.

## How Marigolds Came Yellow



Jealous girls these sometimes were,  
While they liv'd, or lasted here:  
Turn'd to flowers, still they be  
Yellow, marked for jealousy.

### Upon Himself



Th'art hence removing (like a shepherd's  
tent),  
And walk thou must the way that others  
went:  
Fall thou must first, then rise to life with  
these,  
Marked in thy Book for faithful witnesses.

Hope Well and  
Have Well; or,  
Fair After  
Foul Weather

What though the heaven be lowering now,  
And look with a contracted brow?  
We shall discover, by and by,  
A repurgation of the sky:  
And when those clouds away are driven,  
Then will appear a cheerful heaven.

## Upon Love



I held Love's head while it did ache;  
But so it chanced to be,  
The cruel pain did him forsake,  
And forthwith came to me.

Ai me! how shall my grief be still'd?  
Or where else shall we find  
One like to me, who must be kill'd  
For being too-too-kind?



Fortune  
Favours

Fortune did never favour one  
Fully, without exception;  
Though free she be, there's something yet  
Still wanting to her favourite.

To Phillis to  
Love, and Live  
With Him



Live, live with me, and thou shalt see  
The pleasures I'll prepare for thee:  
What sweets the country can afford  
Shall bless thy bed, and bless thy board.  
The soft sweet moss shall be thy bed,  
With crawling woodbine overspread:  
By which the silver-shedding streams  
Shall gently melt thee into dreams.  
Thy clothing, next, shall be a gown  
Made of the fleeces' purest down.  
The tongues of kids shall be thy meat;  
Their milk thy drink; and thou shalt eat  
The paste of filberts for thy bread  
With cream of cowslips buttered:  
Thy feasting-tables shall be hills  
With daisies spread, and daffodils;  
Where thou shalt sit, and red-breast by,  
For meat, shall give thee melody.  
I'll give thee chains and carcanets  
Of primroses and violets.

## TO PHILLIS

A bag and bottle thou shalt have;  
That richly wrought, and this as brave;  
So that as either shall express  
The wearer's no mean shepherdess.  
At shearing-times, and yearly wakes,  
When Themilis his pastime makes,  
There thou shalt be; and be the wit,  
Nay more, the feast, and grace of it.  
On holy-days, when virgins meet  
To dance the heyес with nimble feet,  
Thou shalt come forth and then appear  
The Queen of Roses for that year.  
And having danced ('bove all the best)  
Carry the garland from the rest.  
In wicker-baskets maids shall bring  
To thee, (my dearest shepherdling)  
The blushing apple, bashful pear,  
And shamefaced plum, (all simp'ring  
there):

Walk in the groves, and thou shalt find  
The name of Philis in the rind  
Of every straight and smooth-sk'in tree,  
Where kissing that, I'll twice kiss thee.  
To thee a sheep-hook I will send,  
Be-pranked with ribands, to this end,  
This, this alluring hook might be  
Less for to catch a sheep than me.  
Thou shalt have possets, wassails fine,  
Not made of ale, but spiced wine;  
To make thy maids and self free mirth,

*TO PHILLIS*

All sitting near the glitt'ring hearth.  
Thou shalt have ribands, roses, rings,  
Gloves, garters, stockings, shoes, and  
strings.

These (nay) and more, thine own shall be,  
If thou wilt love, and live with me.

To His Kins-  
woman, Mis-  
tress Susanna  
Herrick

When I consider (dearest) thou dost stay  
But here awhile, to languish and decay;  
Like to these garden-glories, which here be  
The flowery-sweet resemblances of thee:  
With grief of heart, methinks, I thus do  
cry,  
Would thou hadst ne'er been born, or  
might'st not die.

## Upon Her Eyes

Clear are her eyes,  
Like purest skies,  
Discovering from thence  
A baby there  
That turns each sphere,  
Like an Intelligence.

## Upon Her Feet



Her pretty feet  
Like snails did creep  
A little out, and then,  
As if they started at Bo-peep,  
Did soon draw in agen.

Upon His  
Gray Hairs



Fly me not, though I be gray!  
Lady, this I know you'll say;  
Better look the roses red,  
When with white commingled.  
Black your hairs are; mine are white;  
This begets the more delight,  
When things meet most opposite:  
As in pictures we descry,  
Venus standing Vulcan by.



## Meat With- out Mirth



Eaten I have; and though I had good  
cheer,

I did not sup, because no friends were  
there.

Where mirth and friends are absent when  
we dine

Or sup, there wants the incense and the  
wine.

To His  
Tomb-maker

Go I must; when I am gone,  
Write but this upon my stone:  
Chaste I liv'd, without a wife;  
That's the story of my life.  
Strewings need none, every flower  
Is in this word, Bachelor.

## His Content in the Country

Here, here I live with what my board  
Can with the smallest cost afford.  
Though ne'er so mean the viands be,  
They well content my Prue and me.  
Or pea, or bean, or wort, or beet,  
Whatever comes, content makes sweet:  
Here we rejoice, because no rent  
We pay for our poor tenement,  
Wherein we rest, and never fear  
The landlord, or the usurer.  
The quarter-day does ne'er affright  
Our peaceful slumbers in the night.  
We eat our own, and batten more,  
Because we feed on no man's score:  
But pity those, whose flanks grow great,  
Swell'd with the lard of others' meat.  
We bless our fortunes, when we see  
Our own belovèd privacy:  
And like our living, where w' are known  
To very few, or else to none.

## The Fairies



If ye will with Mab find grace,  
Set each platter in his place:  
Rake the fire up, and get  
Water in, ere Sun be set.  
Wash your pails, and cleanse your dairies;  
Sluts are loathsome to the Fairies:  
Sweep your house; who doth not so,  
Mab will pinch her by the toe.

Art above  
Nature,  
to Julia

When I behold a forest spread  
With silken trees upon thy head;  
And when I see that other dress  
Of flowers set in comeliness:  
When I behold another grace  
In the ascent of curious lace,  
Which like a pinnacle doth shew  
The top, and the top-gallant too;  
Then, when I see thy tresses bound  
Into an oval, square, or round,  
And knit in knots far more than I  
Can tell by tongue; or true-love tie:  
Next, when those lawny films I see  
Play with a wild civility:  
And all those airy silks to flow,  
Alluring me, and tempting so:  
I must confess, mine eye and heart  
Dotes less on Nature, than on Art.

Upon Electra's  
Tears



Upon her cheeks she wept, and from  
those showers  
Sprang up a sweet Nativity of Flowers.

## A Hymn to the Graces

When I love, (as some have told,  
Love I shall when I am old)  
O ye Graces! make me fit  
For the welcoming of it.  
Clean my rooms as temples be,  
T' entertain that Deity.  
Give me words wherewith to woo,  
Suppling and successful too:  
Winning postures; and withal,  
Manners each way musical:  
Sweetness to allay my sour  
And unsmooth behaviour. \*  
For I know you have the skill  
Vines to prune, though not to kill,  
And of any wood ye see,  
You can make a Mercury.

The Apparition  
of his Mistress  
Calling Him to  
Elysium. Desunt  
Nonnulla——

Come then, and like two doves with silv'ry  
wings,

Let our souls fly to th' shades, where ever  
springs

Sit smiling in the meads; where balm and  
oil,

Roses and cassia crown the untill'd soil.

Where no disease reigns, or infection comes  
To blast the air, but amber-greece and  
gums.

This, that, and ev'ry thicket doth transpire  
More sweet, than Storax from the hallowed  
fire:

Where ev'ry tree a wealthy issue bears  
Of fragrant apples, blushing plums, or  
pears:

And all the shrubs, with sparkling spangles,  
shew



## CALL TO ELYSIUM

Like morning-sunshine tinselling the dew.  
Here in green meadows sits eternal May,  
Purfling the margents, while perpetual  
Day

So double-gilds the air, as that no night  
Can ever rust th' enamel of the light.  
Here, naked younglings, handsome strip-  
lings run

Their goals for virgins' kisses; which when  
done,

Then unto dancing forth the learnèd round  
Commixt they meet, with endless roses  
crown'd.

And here we'll sit on primrose-banks, and  
see

Love's Chorus led by Cupid; and we'll be  
Two loving followers too unto the Grove  
Where Poets sing the stories of our love.  
There thou shalt hear divine Musæus sing  
Of Hero, and Leander; then I'll bring  
Thee to the stand, where honour'd Homer  
reads

His Odysseys and his high Iliades;  
About whose Throne the crowd of Poets  
throng

To hear the incantation of his tongue:  
To Linus, then to Pindar; and that done,  
I'll bring thee, Herrick, to Anacreon,  
Quaffing his full-crown'd bowls of burn-  
ing wine,

CALL TO ELYSIUM

And in his raptures speaking lines of thine,  
Like to his subject; and as his frantic-  
Looks, shew him truly Bacchanalian like,  
Besmear'd with grapes; welcome he shall  
thee thither,

Where both may rage, both drink and  
dance together.

Then stately Virgil, witty Ovid, by  
Whom fair Corinna sits, and doth comply,  
With ivory wrists, his laureate head, and  
steeps

His eye in dew of kisses, while he sleeps.  
Then soft Catullus, sharp-fang'd Martial,  
And towering Lucan, Horace, Juvenal,  
And snaky Perseus, these, and those,  
whom Rage

(Dropped from the jars of heaven) fill'd  
t' engage

All times unto their frenzies; thou shalt  
there

Behold them in a spacious theatre.

Among which glories, (crown'd with  
sacred bays,

And flatt'ring ivy) two recite their plays,  
Beaumont and Fletcher, swans,\* to whom  
all ears

Listen, while they (like syrens in their  
spheres)

Sing their *Evadne*; and still more for  
thee

## CALL TO ELYSIUM

There yet remains to know, than thou  
canst see  
By glimm'ring of a fancy: do but come,  
And there I'll shew thee that capacious  
room  
In which thy father Jonson now is placed,  
As in a globe of radiant fire, and graced  
To be in that orb crown'd (that doth  
include  
Those prophets of the former magnitude)  
And he one chief; but hark, I hear the  
cock,  
(The bell-man of the night) proclaim the  
clock  
Of late struck one; and now I see the  
prime  
Of day break from the pregnant east;  
'tis time  
I vanish; more I had to say;  
But night determines here; away.

## Life is the Body's\* Light



Life is the body's light; which once de-  
clining

Those crimson clouds i' th' cheeks and  
lips leave shining.

Those counter-changed tabbies in the air,  
(The sun once set) all of one colour are.

So, when death comes, fresh tinctures  
lose their place,

And dismal darkness then doth smutch  
the face.

Love Lightly  
Pleased



Let fair or foul my mistress be,  
Or low, or tall, she pleaseth me:  
Or let her walk, or stand, or sit,  
The posture hers, I'm pleased with it.  
Or let her tongue be still, or stir,  
Graceful is ev'ry thing from her.  
Or let her grant, or else deny,  
*My Love will fit each history.*

## The Primrose



Ask me why I send you here  
This sweet *Infanta* of the year?  
Ask me why I send to you  
This Primrose, thus bepearl'd with dew?  
I will whisper to your ears,  
The sweets of love are mixed with tears.

Ask me why this flower does shew  
So yellow-green, and sickly too?  
Ask me why the stalk is weak  
And bending (yet it doth not break)?  
I will answer, These discover  
What fainting hopes are in a lover.

## The Headache

My head doth ache,  
O Sappho! take  
Thy fillet,  
And bind the pain;  
Or bring some bane  
To kill it.

But less that part,  
Than my poor heart,  
Now is sick:  
One kiss from thee  
Will counsel be,  
And physic.

His Prayer to  
Ben Jonson



When I a verse shall make,  
Know I have prayed thee,  
For old Religion's sake,  
Saint Ben, to aid me.

Make the way smooth for me,  
When I, thy Herrick,  
Honouring thee, on my knee  
Offer my Lyric.

Candles I'll give to thee,  
And a new altar;  
And thou, Saint Ben, shalt be  
Writ in my Psalter.



The Bad  
Season Makes  
the Poet Sad



Dull to my self, and almost dead to these  
My many fresh and fragrant mistresses:  
Lost to all music now; since every thing  
Puts on the semblance here of sorrowing;  
Sick is the land to th' heart; and doth  
endure

More dangerous faintings by her desp'rate  
cure.

But if that golden age would come again,  
And Charles here rule, as he before did  
reign;

If smooth and unperplexed the Seasons  
were,

As when the sweet Maria lived here:  
I should delight to have my curls half  
drown'd

In Tyrian dews, and head with roses  
crown'd;

And once more yet (ere I am laid out dead)  
*Knock at a star with my exalted head.*

## To the Maids to Walk Abroad

Come sit we under yonder tree,  
Where merry as the maids we'll be.  
And as on primroses we sit,  
We'll venture (if we can) at wit:  
If not, at draw-gloves we will play;  
So spend some minutes of the day:  
Or else spin out the thread of sands,  
Playing at Questions and Commands:  
Or tell what strange tricks Love can do,  
By quickly making one of two.  
Thus we will sit and talk; but tell  
No cruel truths of Philomel,  
Or Phillis, whom hard fate forc'd on,  
To kill herself for Demophon.  
But fables we'll relate; how Jove  
Put on all shapes to get a Love:  
As now a Satyr, then a Swan;  
A Bull but then; and now a Man.  
Next we will act, how young men woo;  
And sigh, and kiss, as Lovers do:  
And talk of Brides; and who shall make  
That wedding-smock, this bridal-cake;

## TO THE MAIDS

That dress, this sprig, that leaf, this vine;  
That smooth and silken columbine.  
This done, we'll draw lots who shall buy  
And gild the bays and rosemary:  
What posies for our wedding rings;  
What gloves we'll give, and ribanings:  
And smiling at ourselves, decree,  
Who then the joining priest shall be.  
What short sweet prayers shall be said;  
And how the posset shall be made  
With cream of lilies (not of kine)  
And maiden's-blush, for spiced wine.  
Thus, having talked, we'll next commend  
A kiss to each; and *so we'll end.*

## The Night- piece, to Julia



Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,  
The shooting-stars attend thee;  
And the elves also,  
Whose little eyes glow  
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'-th'-Wisp mis-light thee;  
Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee:  
But on, on thy way,  
Not making a stay,  
Since ghost there's none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber;  
What though the moon does slumber?  
The stars of the night  
Will lend thee their light,  
Like tapers clear without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,  
Thus, thus to come unto me:  
And when I shall meet  
Thy silv'ry feet,  
My soul I'll pour into thee.

## To His Verses



What will ye (my poor orphans) do  
When I must leave the world (and you)?  
Who'll give ye then a shelt'ring shed,  
Or credit ye, when I am dead?  
Who'll let ye by their fire sit?  
Although ye have a stock of wit,  
Already coin'd to pay for it.  
I cannot tell; unless there be  
Some race of old humanity  
Left (of the large heart, and long hand)  
Alive, as noble Westmoreland,  
Or gallant Newark, which brave two  
May fost'ring fathers be to you.  
If not, expect to be no less  
Ill-us'd than babes left fatherless.

His Charge to  
Julia at his Death



Dearest of thousands, now the time draws  
near,  
That with my lines, my life must full-  
stop here.  
Cut off thy hairs; and let thy tears be  
shed  
Over my turf, when I am buried.  
Then for effusions, let none wanting be,  
Or other rites that do belong to me;  
As Love shall help thee, when thou dost  
go hence  
Unto thy everlasting residence.

## The Cobblers' Catch



Come sit we by the fire side,  
And roundly drink we here;  
Till that we see our cheeks ale-dyed  
And noses tann'd with beer.

The Beggar  
to Mab, the  
Fairy Queen



Please your Grace, from out your store,  
Give an alms to one that's poor,  
That your mickle may have more.  
Black I'm grown for want of meat;  
Give me then an ant to eat;  
Or the cleft ear of a mouse  
Over-sour'd in drink of souce:  
Or, sweet Lady, reach to me  
The abdomen of a bee;  
Or commend a cricket's-hip,  
Or his huckson, to my scrip;  
Give me for bread, a little bit  
Of a pea, that 'gins to chit,  
And my full thanks take for it.  
Flour of fuz-balls, that's too good  
For a man in needy-hood:  
But the meal of mill-dust can  
Well content a craving man.  
Any orts the Elves refuse  
Well will serve the beggar's use.



*THE BEGGAR TO MAB*

But if this may seem too much  
For an alms, then give me such  
Little bits that nestle there  
In the pris'ners' panier.  
So a blessing light upon  
You, and mighty Oberon:  
That your plenty last till when  
I return your alms again.

Upon an Old  
Man, a  
Residentiary

Tread, Sirs, as lightly as ye can  
Upon the grave of this old man.  
Twice forty (bating but one year,  
And thrice three weeks) he lived here.  
Whom gentle fate translated hence  
To a more happy residence.  
Yet, reader, let me tell thee this  
(Which from his ghost a promise is)  
If here ye will some few tears shed,  
He'll never haunt ye now he's dead.

A Bacchan-  
alian Verse

Fill me a mighty bowl  
Up to the brink,  
That I may drink  
Unto my Jonson's soul.

Crown it again, again;  
And thrice repeat  
That happy heat,  
To drink to thee, my Ben.

Well I can quaff, I see,  
To th' number five,  
Or nine; but thrive  
In frenzy ne'er like thee.

The Country Life,  
to the Honoured  
Mr. Endymion Porter,  
Groom of the  
Bed-Chamber to  
His Majesty

Sweet country life, to such unknown,  
Whose lives are others', not their own;  
But serving courts and cities, be  
Less happy, less enjoying thee!  
Thou never plough'st the ocean's foam  
To seek, and bring rough pepper home:  
Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove  
To bring from thence the scorched clove.  
Nor, with the loss of thy lov'd rest,  
Bring'st home the ingot from the West.  
No, thy ambition's masterpiece  
Flies no thought higher than a fleece:  
Or how to pay thy hinds, and clear  
All scores; and so to end the year:  
But walk'st about thine own dear bounds,  
Not envying others' larger grounds:  
For well thou know'st, *'tis not the extent  
Of land makes life, but sweet content.*

## THE COUNTRY LIFE

When now the cock (the ploughman's horn)  
Calls forth the lily-wristed morn,  
Then to thy corn-fields thou dost go;  
Which though well soil'd, yet thou dost  
know

That the best compost for the lands  
Is the wise master's feet and hands.  
There at the plough thou find'st thy team,  
With a hind whistling there to them:  
And cheer'st them up, by singing how  
The kingdom's portion is the plough.  
This done, then to the enamell'd meads  
Thou go'st, and as thy foot there treads  
Thou seest a present God-like power  
Imprinted in each herb and flower:  
And smell'st the breath of great-ey'd kine,  
Sweet as the blossoms of the vine.  
Here thou behold'st thy large sleek neat  
Unto the dew-laps up in meat:  
And, as thou look'st, the wanton steer,  
The heifer, cow, and ox draw near  
To make a pleasing pastime there.  
These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks  
Of sheep (safe from the wolf and fox),  
And find'st their bellies there as full  
Of short sweet grass, as backs with wool.  
And leav'st them (as they feed and fill)  
A shepherd piping on a hill.  
For sports, for pageantry, and plays,  
Thou hast thy eves, and holidays:

## THE COUNTRY LIFE

On which the young men and maids meet,  
To exercise their dancing feet:  
Tripping the comely country round,  
With daffodils and daisies crown'd.  
Thy wakes, thy quintels, here thou hast,  
Thy may-poles too with garlands graced:  
Thy morris-dance; thy Whitsun-ale;  
Thy shearing-feast, which never fail;  
Thy harvest home; thy wassail bowl,  
That's toss'd up after Fox i' th' Hole;  
Thy mummeries; thy Twelfth-tide kings  
And queens; thy Christmas revellings:  
Thy nut-brown mirth; thy russet wit;  
And no man pays too dear for it.  
To these thou hast thy time to go  
And trace the hare i' th' treacherous snow:  
Thy witty wiles to draw, and get  
The lark into the trammel net:  
Thou hast thy cockrood, and thy glade  
To take the precious pheasant made:  
Thy lime-twigs, snares, and pitfalls then  
To catch the pilf'ring birds, not men.  
O happy life! if that their good  
The husbandmen but understood!  
Who all the day themselves do please,  
And younglings, with such sports as these.  
And, lying down, have nought t' affright  
Sweet sleep, that makes more short the  
night.

*Cætera desunt*—

To Electra

I dare not ask a kiss;  
I dare not beg a smile;  
Lest, having that, or this,  
I might grow proud the while.

No, no, the utmost share  
Of my desire shall be  
Only to kiss that air  
That lately kissèd thee.

## To Fortune

Tumble me down, and I will sit  
Upon my ruins (smiling yet):  
Tear me to tatters; yet I'll be  
Patient in my necessity.  
Laugh at my scraps of clothes, and shun  
Me, as a fear'd infection:  
Yet scarecrow-like I'll walk, as one  
Neglecting thy derision.



Upon his  
Verses

What offspring other men have got,  
The how, where, when, I question not.  
These are the children I have left;  
Adopted some; none got by theft.  
But all are touch'd (like lawful plate)  
And no verse illegitimate.

**The Rainbow: or,  
Curious Covenant**



Mine eyes, like clouds, were drizzling rain,  
And as they thus did entertain  
The gentle beams from Julia's sight  
To mine eyes levell'd opposite:  
O thing admir'd! there did appear  
A curious rainbow smiling there;  
Which was the covenant, that she  
No more would drown mine eyes or me.

## Adversity



Adversity hurts none but only such  
Whom whitest Fortune dandled has too  
much.

## His Return to London

From the dull confines of the drooping  
west,  
To see the day spring from the pregnant  
east,  
Ravished in spirit, I come, nay more, I  
fly  
To thee, bless'd place of my nativity!  
Thus, thus with hallowed foot I touch the  
ground,  
With thousand blessings by thy fortune  
crown'd.  
O fruitful genius! that bestowest here  
An everlasting plenty, year by year,  
O place! O people! manners! fram'd to  
please  
All nations, customs, kindreds, languages!  
I am a free-born Roman; suffer, then,  
That I amongst you live a citizen.  
London my home is: though by hard fate  
sent  
Into a long and irksome banishment;

*HIS RETURN TO LONDON*

Yet since call'd back; henceforward let me  
be,

O native country, repossess'd by thee!

For, rather than I'll to the west return,  
I'll beg of thee first here to have mine  
urn.

Weak I am grown, and must in short  
time fall.—

Give thou my sacred relics burial.

Not Every Day  
Fit for Verse

'Tis not ev'ry day that I  
Fitted am to prophesy:  
No, but when the spirit fills  
The fantastic panicles  
Full of fire; then I write  
As the Godhead doth indite.  
Thus enrag'd, my lines are hurl'd,  
Like the sibyl's, through the world.  
Look how next the holy fire  
Either slakes, or doth retire;  
So the fancy cools, till when  
That brave spirit comes again.

## To the Genius of his House

Command the roof, great Genius, and from  
thence

Into this house pour down thy influence,  
That through each room a golden pipe  
may run

Of living water by thy benison.

Full fill the larders, and with strengthening  
bread

Be evermore these bins replenishèd.

Next, like a bishop consecrate my ground,  
That lucky fairies here may dance their  
round:

And after that, lay down some silver pence,  
The Master's charge and care to recom-  
pense.

Charm then the chambers; make the beds  
for ease

More than for peevish pining sicknesses.  
Fix the foundation fast, and let the roof  
Grow old with time, but yet keep water-  
proof.

His Grange, c  
Private Weal th

Though clock,  
To tell how night draws hence, I've none,  
A cock  
I have, to sing how day draws on.  
I have  
A maid (my Prue) by good luck sent,  
To save  
That little, Fates me gave or lent.  
A hen  
I keep, which creaking day by day,  
Tells when  
She goes her long white egg to lay.  
A goose  
I have, which, with a jealous ear,  
Lets loose  
Her tongue, to tell what danger's near.  
A lamb  
I keep (tame) with my morsels fed,  
Whose dam  
An orphan left him (lately dead).



## *HIS GRANGE*

A cat  
I keep, that plays about my house,  
Grown fat,  
With eating many a miching mouse.  
To these  
A Tracy<sup>1</sup> I do keep, whereby  
I please  
The more my rural privacy:  
Which are  
But toys, to give my heart some ease.  
Where care  
None is, slight things do lightly please.

<sup>1</sup> His spaniel.

## Good Precepts, or Counsel

In all thy need, be thou possess'd  
Still with a well-prepared breast:  
Nor let the shackles make thee sad;  
Thou canst but have what others had.  
And this for comfort thou must know,  
Times that are ill won't still be so.  
Clouds will not ever pour down rain;  
*A sullen day will clear again.*  
First, peals of thunder we must hear,  
Then lutes and harps shall stroke the ear.

A Ternary of  
Littles, upon a  
Pipkin of Jelly  
Sent to a Lady



A little saint best fits a little shrine,  
A little prop best fits a little vine:  
As my small cruse best fits my little wine.

A little seed best fits a little soil,  
A little trade best fits a little toil:  
As my small jar best fits my little oil.

A little bin best fits a little bread,  
A little garland fits a little head:  
As my small stuff best fits my little shed.

A little hearth best fits a little fire,  
A little chapel fits a little quire:  
As my small bell best fits my little spire.

A little stream best fits a little boat,  
A little lead best fits a little float:  
As my small pipe best fits my little note:

*A TERNARY OF LITTLES*

A little meat best fits a little belly,  
As sweetly, lady, give me leave to tell ye,  
This little pipkin fits this little jelly.

## Love Dislikes Nothing



Whatsoever thing I see,  
Rich or poor although it be,  
'Tis a mistress unto me.

Be my girl or fair or brown,  
Does she smile, or does she frown:  
Still I write a sweetheart down.

Be she rough, or smooth of skin;  
When I touch, I then begin  
For to let affection in.

Be she bald, or does she wear  
Locks incurld of other hair,  
I shall find enchantment there.

Be she whole, or be she rent,  
So my fancy be content,  
She's to me most excellent.

Be she fat, or be she lean,  
Be she sluttish, be she clean,  
I'm a man for ev'ry scene.

## The Wake

Come, Anthea, let us two  
Go to feast, as others do.  
Tarts and custards, creams and cakes,  
Are the junkets still at wakes,  
Unto which the tribes resort,  
Where the business is the sport.  
Morris-dancers thou shalt see,  
Marian too in pageantry;  
And a mimic to devise  
Many grinning properties.  
Players there will be, and those  
Base in action as in clothes:  
Yet with strutting they will please  
The incurious villages.  
Near the dying of the day  
There will be a cudgel-play,  
Where a coxcomb will be broke  
Ere a good word can be spoke:  
But the anger ends all here,  
Drench'd in ale, or drown'd in beer.  
Happy rustics, best content  
With the cheapest merriment:  
And possess no other fear,  
Than to want the wake next year.

## A Good Husband



A master of a house (as I have read)  
Must be the first man up, and last in bed:  
With the sun rising he must walk his  
grounds;  
See this, view that, and all the other  
bounds:  
Shut every gate; mend every hedge that's  
torn,  
Either with old, or plant therein new  
thorn:  
Tread o'er his glebe, but with such care,  
that where  
He sets his foot, he leaves rich compost  
there.

A Psalm or  
Hymn to  
the Graces



Glory be to the Graces!  
That do in public places  
Drive thence what e'er encumbers  
The list'ning to my numbers.

Honour be to the Graces!  
Who do with sweet embraces  
Shew they are well contented  
With what I have invented.

Worship be to the Graces!  
Who do from sour faces,  
And lungs that would infect me  
For evermore protect me.



**An Hymn to  
the Muses**



Honour to you who sit  
Near to the well of wit,  
And drink your fill of it.

Glory and worship be  
To you, sweet maids (thrice three)  
Who still inspire me,

And teach me how to sing,  
Unto the lyric string,  
My measures ravishing!

Then while I sing your praise,  
My priesthood crown with bays  
Green, to the end of days.

Upon Prue  
his Maid



In this little urn is laid  
Prudence Baldwin (once my maid),  
From whose happy spark here let  
Spring the purple violet.

## The Bride-Cake



This day, my Julia, thou must make  
For Mistress Bride the wedding-cake:  
Knead but the dough, and it will be  
To paste of almonds turn'd by thee:  
Or kiss it thou, but once, or twice,  
And for the bride-cake there 'll be spice.

## The Maiden- Blush



So look the mornings when the sun  
Paints them with fresh vermilion:  
So cherries blush, and Kathern pears  
And apricocks, in youthful years:  
So corals look more lovely red,  
And rubies, lately polished:  
So purest diaper doth shine,  
Stain'd by the beams of claret wine:  
As Julia looks when she doth dress  
Her either cheek with bashfulness.

The Amber  
Bead



I saw a fly within a bead  
Of amber cleanly buried;  
The urn was little, but the room  
More rich than Cleopatra's tomb.

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Of amber cleanly buried:  
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More rich than Cleopatra's tomb.

To my Dearest  
Sister M.  
Mercy Herrick

Whene'er I go, or whatsoe'er befalls  
Me in mine age, or foreign funerals,  
This blessing I will leave thee, ere I go:  
Prosper thy basket, and therein thy dough.  
Feed on the paste of filberts, or else knead  
And bake the flour of amber for thy bread.  
Balm may thy trees drop, and thy springs  
run oil,  
And everlasting harvest crown thy soil!  
These I but wish for; but thyself shall  
see  
The blessing fall in mellow times on thee.



## The Trans- figuration

Immortal clothing I put on,  
So soon as, Julia, I am gone  
To mine eternal mansion.

Thou, thou art here, to human sight  
Cloth'd all with incorrupted light;  
But yet how more admir'dly bright

Wilt thou appear, when thou art set  
In thy refulgent thronelet, .  
That shin'st thus in thy counterfeit!

## To Dianeme



I could but see thee yesterday  
Stung by a fretful bee;  
And I the javelin suck'd away,  
And heal'd the wound in thee.

A thousand thorns, and briars, and stings  
I have in my poor breast;  
Yet ne'er can see that salve which brings  
My passions any rest.

As Love shall help me, I admire  
How thou canst sit and smile  
To see me bleed, and not desire  
To stanch the blood the while.

If thou, compos'd of gentle mould,  
Art so unkind to me;  
What dismal stories will be told  
Of those that cruel be?

## To his Book



Make haste away, and let one be  
A friendly patron unto thee;  
Lest, rapt from hence, I see thee lie  
Torn for the use of pastery;  
Or see thy injur'd leaves serve well  
To make loose gowns for mackerel;  
Or see the grocers in a trice  
Make hoods of thee to serve out spice.

## On Himself



If that my fate has now fulfill'd my year,  
And so soon stopp'd my longer living here;  
What was't (ye gods!) a dying man to  
save,

But while he met with his paternal grave?  
Though while we living 'bout the world  
do roam,

We' love to rest in peaceful urns at home,  
Where we may snug and close together lie  
By the dead bones of our dear ancestry.

## A Defence for Women



Naught are all women: I say no,  
Since for one bad, one good I know;  
For Clytemnestra most unkind,  
Loving Alcestis there we find;  
For one Medea that was bad,  
A good Penelope was had;  
For wanton Lais, then we have  
Chaste Lucrece, or a wife as grave:  
And thus through womankind we see  
A good and bad. *Sirs, credit me.*

## Rest Refreshes



Lay by the good a while; a resting field  
Will, after ease, a richer harvest yield:  
Trees this year bear; next, they their  
wealth withhold:

*Continual reaping makes a land wax old.*

## Upon Cupid



Love, like a beggar, came to me  
With hose and doublet torn:  
His shirt bedangling from his knee,  
With hat and shoes outworn.

He asked an alms; I gave him bread,  
And meat too, for his need,  
Of which, when he had fully fed,  
He wished me all good speed.

Away he went, but as he turn'd  
(In faith I know not how)  
He touched me so, as that I burn'd,  
And am tormented now.

Love's silent flames, and fires obscure  
Then crept into my heart;  
And though I saw no bow, I'm sure  
His finger was the dart.

Upon his  
Spaniel, Tracy

Now thou art dead, no eye shall ever see,  
For shape and service, spaniel like to  
thee.

This shall my love do, give thy sad death  
one

Tear, that deserves of me a million.



Anacreontic  
Verse



Brisk methinks I am, and fine,  
When I drink my capering wine;  
Then to love I do incline,  
When I do drink my wanton wine;  
And I wish all maidens mine,  
When I drink my sprightly wine;  
Well I sup, and well I dine,  
When I drink my frolic wine;  
But I languish, lower, and pine,  
When I want my fragrant wine.

Parcel-gilt  
Poetry



Let's strive to be the best; the gods, we  
know it,  
Pillars and men, hate an indifferent poet.

## Anthea's Retractation

Anthea laughed, and, fearing lest excess  
Might stretch the cords of civil comeliness,  
She with a dainty blush rebuk'd her face,  
And call'd each line back to his rule and  
space.

## Leprosy in Clothes



When flowing garments I behold  
Inspir'd with purple, pearl, and gold,  
I think no other but I see  
In them a glorious leprosy,  
That does infect, and make the rent  
More mortal in the vestiment.  
As flowry vestures do descry  
The wearers' rich immodesty;  
So plain and simple clothes do show  
Where virtue walks, not those that flow.

## His Tears to Thamasis



I send, I send here my supremest kiss  
To thee, my silver-footed Thamasis.  
No more shall I reiterate thy strand,  
Whereon so many stately structures stand:  
Nor in the summer's sweeter evenings go,  
To bathe in thee (as thousand others do);  
No more shall I along thy crystal glide,  
In barge (with boughs and rushes beautified)  
With soft-smooth virgins (for our chaste  
disport)  
To Richmond, Kingston, and to Hampton-  
Court:  
Never again shall I with finny oar  
Put from, or draw unto the faithful shore;  
And landing here, or safely landing there,  
Make way to my beloved Westminster;  
Or to the golden Cheap-side, where the  
earth  
Of Julia Herrick gave to me my birth.  
May all clean nymphs and curious water  
dames,

## *HIS TEARS TO THAMASIS*

With swan-like state float up and down  
thy streams :

No drought upon thy wanton waters fall  
To make them lean, and languishing at  
all.

No ruffling winds come hither to disease  
Thy pure, and silver-wristed Naiades.  
Keep up your state, ye streams; and as  
ye spring,

Never make sick your banks by surfeiting.  
Grow young with tides, and though I see  
ye never,

Receive this vow, so fare-ye-well for ever.

Twelfth Night,  
or King and  
Queen

Now, now the mirth comes  
With the cake full of plums,  
Where bean's the king of the sport here,  
Beside we must know,  
The pea also  
Must revel, as queen, in the court here.

Begin then to choose,  
(This night as ye use)  
Who shall for the present delight here  
Be a king by the lot,  
And who shall not  
Be Twelfth-day Queen for the night here.

Which known, let us make  
Joy-sops with the cake;  
And let not a man then be seen here,  
Who unurg'd will not drink  
To the base from the brink  
A health to the king and the queen here.

## *TWELFTH NIGHT*

Next crown the bowl full  
With gentle lamb's wool;  
Add sugar, nutmeg, and ginger,  
With store of ale too;  
And thus ye must do  
To make the wassail a swinger.

Give then to the king  
And queen wassailing:  
And though with ale ye be whet here,  
Yet part from hence,  
As free from offence,  
As when ye innocent met here.\*



## His Desire



Give me a man that is not dull,  
When all the world with rifts is full,  
But unamaz'd does clearly sing,  
Whenas the roof's a-tottering:  
And, though it falls, continues still  
Tickling the cithern with his quill.

## The Tinkers' Song

Along, come along,  
Let's meet in a throng  
Here of tinkers;  
And quaff up a bowl  
As big as a cowl  
To beer drinkers.  
The pole of the hop  
Place in the ale-shop  
To bethwack us,  
If ever we think  
So much as to drink  
Unto Bacchus.  
Who frolic will be  
For little cost, he  
Must not vary  
From beer-broth at all,  
So much as to call  
For canary.

To his Peculiar  
Friend, M. John  
Wicks

Since shed or cottage I have none,  
I sing the more, that thou hast one;  
To whose glad threshold, and free door  
I may a poet come, though poor;  
And eat with thee a savoury bit,  
Paying but common thanks for it.  
Yet should I chance (my Wicks) to see  
An over-leaven look in thee,  
To sour the bread, and turn the beer  
To an exalted vinegar;  
Or should'st thou prize me as a dish  
Of thrice-boil'd worts, or third day's fish,  
I'd rather hungry go and come,  
Than to thy house be burdensome;  
Yet, in my depth of grief, I'd be  
One that should drop his beads for thee.

## On Fortune



This is my comfort, when she's most un-  
kind  
She can but spoil me of my means, not  
mind.

To Sir George  
Parrie, Doctor  
of the Civil  
Law

I have my laurel chaplet on my head,  
If 'mongst these many numbers to be read,  
But one by you be hugg'd and cherishèd.

Peruse my measures thoroughly, and  
where  
Your judgment finds a guilty poem, there  
Be you a judge; but not a judge severe.

The mean pass by, or over; none con-  
demn,  
Since absolution you can give to them.

Stand forth, brave man, here to the public  
sight,  
And in my book now claim a twofold  
right:  
The first as doctor, and the last as knight.

A Dialogue  
betwixt Himself  
and Mistress  
Eliza Wheeler,  
under the name  
of Amarillis

My dearest love, since thou wilt go,  
And leave me here behind thee,  
For love or pity let me know  
The place where I may find thee.

*Amarillis*

In country meadows pearl'd with dew,  
And set about with lilies,  
There filling maunds with cowslips, you  
May find your Amarillis.

*Herrick*

What have the meads to do with thee,  
Or with thy youthful hours?  
Live thou at court, where thou mayst be  
The queen of men, not flowers.

## A DIALOGUE

Let country wenches make 'em fine  
With posies, since 'tis fitter  
For thee with richest gems to shine,  
And like the stars to glitter.

*Amarillis*

You set too high a rate upon  
A shepherdess so homely.

*Herrick*

Believe it (dearest) there's not one  
I' th' court that's half so comely.

I prithee stay. (*Am.*) I must away;  
Let's kiss first, then we'll sever.

*Ambo*

And though we bid adieu to-day,  
We shall not part for ever.

## On Himself



A wearied pilgrim, I have wander'd here  
Twice five and twenty (bate me but one  
year).

Long I have lasted in this world ('tis  
true)

But yet those years that I have liv'd but  
few.

Who by his gray hairs, doth his lustres  
tell,

Lives not those years, but he that lives  
them well.

One man has reach'd his sixty years, but  
he,

Of all those threescore, has not liv'd half  
three:

He lives, who lives to virtue: men who  
cast

Their ends for pleasure, do not live, but  
last.



## His Last Re- quest to Julia



I have been wanton, and too bold, I fear,  
To chafe o'ermuch the virgin's cheek or  
ear.

Beg for my pardon, Julia; *he doth win  
Grace with the gods, who's sorry for his  
sin.*

That done, my Julia, dearest Julia, come,  
And go with me to choose my burial  
room:

My fates are ended; when thy Herrick  
dies,

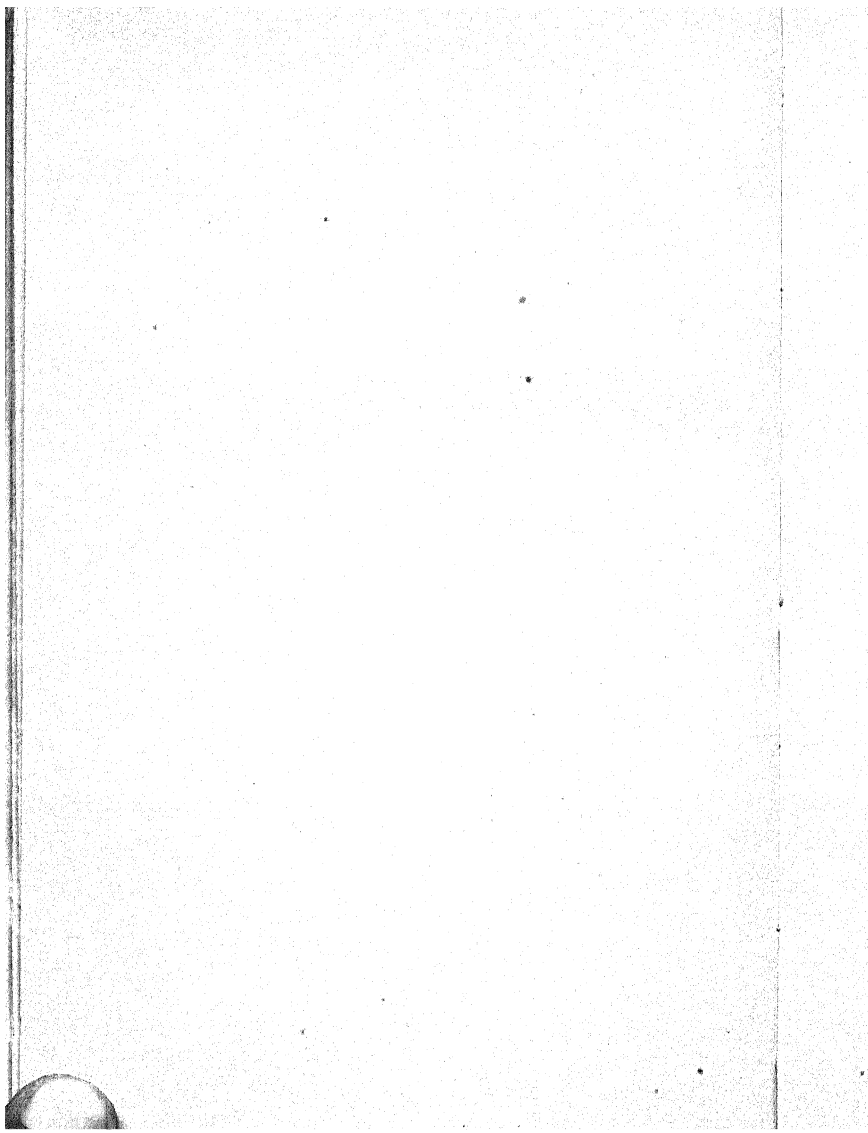
Clasp thou his book, then close thou up  
his eyes.

The Book's  
End



To his book's end this last line he'd have  
plac'd:  
*Jocond his muse was; but his life was  
chaste.*

His Noble Numbers



## His Prayer for Absolution



For those my unbaptized rhymes,  
Writ in my wild unhallowed times;  
For every sentence, clause, and word,  
That's not inlaid with Thee, (my Lord)  
Forgive me, God, and blot each line  
Out of my book, that is not Thine.  
But if, 'mongst all, Thou find'st here one  
Worthy Thy benediction;  
That one of all the rest shall be  
The glory of my work, and me.

## To Find God

Weigh me the fire; or canst thou find  
A way to measure out the wind;  
Distinguish all those floods that are  
Mixed in the watery theatre;  
And taste thou them as saltless there,  
As in their channel first they were.  
Tell me the people that do keep  
Within the kingdoms of the deep;  
Or fetch me back that cloud again,  
Beshiver'd into seeds of rain;  
Tell me the motes, dust, sands, and spears  
Of corn, when summer shakes his ears;  
Show me that world of stars, and whence  
They noiseless spill their influence:  
This if thou canst; then show me Him  
That rides the glorious cherubim.

## What God Is



God is above the sphere of our esteem,  
And is the best known, not defining Him.

## Mercy and Love

God hath two wings, which He doth ever  
move,

The one is Mercy, and the next is Love:  
Under the first the sinners ever trust;  
And with the last He still directs the just.

God's Anger  
without Affection



God when He's angry here with anyone,  
His wrath is free from perturbation;  
And when we think His looks are sour  
and grim,  
The alteration is in us, not Him.



## God's Part



Prayers and praises are those spotless two  
Lambs, by the law, which God requires  
as due.

## Affliction



God ne'er afflicts us more than our desert,  
Though He may seem to over-act His part:  
Sometimes He strikes us more than flesh  
can bear;  
But yet still less than grace can suffer here.

## Three Fatal Sisters



Three fatal sisters wait upon each sin;  
First, Fear and Shame without, then Guilt  
within.

## The Rod



God's Rod doth watch while men do  
sleep, and then  
The Rod doth sleep, while vigilant are  
men.

God has a  
Twofold Part



God when for sin He makes His children  
smart,  
His own He acts not, but another's part:  
But when by stripes He saves them, then  
'tis known,  
He comes to play the part that is His own.

## Persecutions Profitable

Afflictions they most profitable are  
To the beholder, and the sufferer:  
Bettering them both, but by a double strain,  
The first by patience, and the last by pain.

## To God

Do with me, God! as Thou didst deal  
with John

(Who writ that heavenly Revelation);  
Let me (like him) first cracks of thunder  
hear;

Then let the harp's enchantments strike  
mine ear.

Here give me thorns; there, in Thy King-  
dom, set

Upon my head the golden coronet;  
There give me day; but here my dreadful  
night:

My sackcloth here; but there my stole of  
white.

## His Ejaculation to God

My God! look on me with Thine eye  
Of pity, not of scrutiny;  
For if Thou dost, Thou then shalt see  
Nothing but loathsome sores in me.  
Oh then! for mercy's sake, behold  
These my eruptions manifold;  
And heal me with Thy look, or touch:  
But if Thou wilt not deign so much,  
Because I'm odious in Thy sight,  
Speak but the word, and cure me quite.



An Ode of the  
Birth of our  
Saviour



In numbers, and but these few,  
I sing Thy birth, Oh JESU!  
Thou pretty baby, born here,  
With sup'rabundant scorn here.  
Who for Thy princely port here,  
Hadst for Thy place  
Of birth, a base  
Out-stable for Thy court here.

Instead of neat enclosures  
Of inter-woven osiers;  
Instead of fragrant posies  
Of daffodils and roses;  
Thy cradle, Kingly Stranger,  
As Gospel tells,  
Was nothing else,  
But, here, a homely manger.

But we with silks, (not crewels,)  
With sundry precious jewels,

## *THE BIRTH OF OUR SAVIOUR*

And lily-work will dress Thee;  
And as we dispossess Thee  
Of clouts, we'll make a chamber,  
    Sweet Babe, for Thee,  
    Of ivory,  
And plaister'd round with amber.

The Jews they did disdain Thee,  
But we will entertain Thee  
With glories to await here  
Upon Thy princely state here;  
And more for love, than pity,  
    From year to year  
    We'll make Thee, here,  
A free-born of our city.

## The Heart



In prayer the lips ne'er act the winning  
part,  
Without the sweet concurrence of the  
heart.

Sin Seen



When once the sin has fully acted been,  
Then is the horror of the trespass seen.

## His Petition

If war, or want shall make me grow so  
poor,  
As for to beg my bread from door to door,  
Lord! let me never act that beggar's part,  
Who hath Thee in his mouth, not in his  
heart.  
He who asks alms in that so sacred Name,  
Without due reverence, plays the cheater's  
game.

To God



Thou hast promis'd, Lord, to be  
With me in my misery;  
Suffer me to be so bold,  
As to speak, Lord, Say and hold.

## His Litany, to the Holy Spirit



In the hour of my distress,  
When temptations me oppress,  
And when I my sins confess,  
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,  
Sick in heart and sick in head,  
And with doubts discomfited,  
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,  
And the world is drown'd in sleep,  
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,  
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When the artless doctor sees  
No one hope, but of his fees,  
And his skill runs on the lees,  
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When his potion and his pill,  
Has, or none, or little skill,  
Meet for nothing, but to kill,  
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

## *HIS LITANY*

When the passing-bell doth toll,  
And the furies in a shoal  
Come to fright a parting soul,  
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When the tapers now burn blue,  
And the comforters are few,  
And that number more than true,  
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When the priest his last hath pray'd,  
And I nod to what is said,  
'Cause my speech is now decay'd;  
Sweet Spirit comfort me!



## Penitency



A man's transgression God does then remit,  
When man he makes a penitent for it.

## Upon God



God, when He takes my goods and chattels  
hence,

Gives me a portion, giving patience:  
What is in God is God; if so it be,  
He patience gives, He gives Himself to me.

Tears



Our present tears here (not our present  
laughter)  
Are but the handsels of our joys hereafter.

## Thanks

What God gives, and what we take,  
'Tis a gift for Christ His sake:  
Be the meal of beans and peas,  
God be thank'd for those, and these:  
Have we flesh, or have we fish,  
All are fragments from His dish.  
He His Church save, and the King,  
And our peace here, like a spring,  
Make it ever flourishing.

## Indemnity



All I have lost, that could be rapt from me;  
And fare it well; yet, Herrick, if so be  
Thy dearest Saviour renders thee but one  
Smile, that one smile's full restitution.

## The Way



When I a ship see on the seas,  
Cuff'd with those watery savages,  
And therewithal, behold, it hath  
In all that way no beaten path;  
Then, with a wonder, I confess  
Thou art our way i' th' wilderness:  
And while we blunder in the dark,  
Thou art our candle there, or spark.

## The Bell-Man

Along the dark and silent night,  
With my lantern, and my light,  
And the tinkling of my bell,  
Thus I walk, and this I tell:  
Death and dreadfulness call on,  
To the general session;  
To whose dismal bar we there  
All accounts must come to clear:  
Scores of sins we've made here many,  
Wip'd out few (God knows) if any.  
Rise, ye debtors, then, and fall  
To make payment, while I call.  
Ponder this when I am gone;  
By the clock 't is almost one.

To God, in  
Time of  
Plundering

Rapine has yet took nought from me;  
But if it please my God, I be  
Brought at the last to th' utmost bit,  
God make me thankful still for it.  
I have been grateful for my store:  
Let me say grace when there's no more.



## The Poor's Portion

The sup'rabundance of my store,  
That is the portion of the poor:  
Wheat, barley, rye, or oats; what is't  
But he takes toll of? all the grist.  
Two raiments have I: Christ then makes  
This law; that He and I part stakes.  
Or have I two loaves; then I use  
The poor to cut, and I to choose.

## To God



God! to my little meal and oil  
Add but a bit of flesh, to boil:  
And Thou my pipkinnet shalt see  
Give a wave-offering unto Thee.

Free Welcome



God He refuseth no man; but makes way  
For all that now come, or hereafter may.

## God's Grace



God's grace deserves here to be daily fed,  
That, thus increas'd, it might be perfected.

Coming  
to Christ



To him, who longs unto his CHRIST to  
go,  
Celerity even itself is slow.

## God's Bounty

God, as He's potent, so He's likewise  
known  
To give us more than hope can fix upon.

## Salutation

Christ, I have read, did to His chaplains  
say,  
Sending them forth, *Salute no man by th'  
way:*

Not that He taught His ministers to be  
Unsmooth, or sour, to all civility;  
But to instruct them to avoid all snares  
Of tardidation in the Lord's affairs.  
Manners are good: but till his errand  
ends,  
Salute we must nor strangers, kin, or  
friends.

## God's Blessing

In vain our labours are, whatsoe'er they  
be,  
Unless God gives the *Benedicite*.



## The Judgment Day



God hides from man the reck'ning day,  
that He  
May fear it ever for uncertainty:  
That being ignorant of that one, he may  
Expect the coming of it ev'ry day.

Mercy



Mercy, the wise Athenians held to be  
Not an affection, but a deity.

## The Eucharist



*He that is hurt seeks help: sin is the wound;  
The salve for this i' th' Eucharist is found.*

Christ's  
Sadness



Christ was not sad, i' th' garden, for His  
own  
Passion, but for His sheep's dispersion.

Heaven



Heav'n is most fair; but fairer He  
That made that fairest canopy.

God

In God there's nothing but 't is known to  
be  
Ev'n God Himself, in perfect entity.

**Christ's Words  
on the Cross,  
My God, My God**



Christ, when He hung the dreadful cross  
upon,  
Had (as it were) a dereliction;  
In this regard, in those great terrors He  
Had no one beam from God's sweet  
majesty.

Sin

*Sin no existence, nature none it hath,  
Or good at all (as learn'd Aquinas saith).*



**Martha, Martha**



The repetition of the name made known  
No other, than Christ's full affection.

The Virgin  
Mary



To work a wonder, God would have her  
shown,  
At once, a bud, and yet a rose full-blown.

## Sabbaths



Sabbaths are threefold, (as S. Austin says:)  
The first of Time, or Sabbath here of days;  
The second is a Conscience trespass-free;  
The last the Sabbath of Eternity.

## Temporal Goods



These temp'ral goods God (the most wise)  
commends

To th' good and bad, in common, for two  
ends:

First, that these goods none here may o'er  
esteem,

Because the wicked do partake of them:

Next, that these ills none cowardly may  
shun,

Being, oft here, the just man's portion.

## God's Presence

God's present ev'rywhere; but most of all  
Present by union hypostatical:

God, He is there, where's nothing else  
(schools say),

And nothing else is there, where He's  
away.

**The Resurrec-  
tion Possible,  
and Probable**



For each one body, that i' th' earth is  
sown,

There's an up-rising but of one for one:  
But for each grain that in the ground is  
thrown,

Threescore or fourscore spring up thence  
for one:

So that the wonder is not half so great  
Of ours, as is the rising of the wheat.

## Sinners



Sinners confounded are a twofold way,  
Either as when (the learned schoolmen say)  
Men's sins destroyed are, when they  
repent;  
Or when, for sins, men suffer punishment.

## Christ's Action



Christ never did so great a work, but  
there

His human nature did, in part, appear:  
Or ne'er so mean a piece, but men might  
see

Therein some beams of His divinity:  
So that, in all He did, there did combine  
His human nature, and His part divine.



## Predestination



Art thou not destin'd? then, with haste  
go on

To make thy fair predestination:

If thou canst change thy life, God then  
will please

To change, or call back, His past sen-  
tences.

**Sin**



Sin is an act so free, that if we shall  
Say, 'tis not free, 'tis then no sin at all.

## Christ's In- carnation



Christ took our nature on Him, not that  
He  
'Bove all things lov'd it, for the purity:  
No, but He dress'd Him with our human  
trim,  
Because our flesh stood most in need of  
Him.

Heaven



Heaven is not given for our good works  
here:

Yet is it given to the labourer.

## God's Keys



God has four keys, which he reserves  
alone:

The first of rain, the key of hell next  
known:

With the third key He opes and shuts the  
womb;

And with the fourth key He unlocks the  
tomb.

Sin



There's no constraint to do amiss,  
Whereas but one enforcement is.

## Hell Fire



One only fire has hell; but yet it shall  
Not after one sort, there excruciate all:  
But look, how each transgressor onward  
went  
Boldly in sin, shall feel more punishment.

## To God

Come to me, God; but do not come  
To me, as to the gen'ral doom,  
In power; or come Thou in that state,  
When Thou Thy laws didst promulgate,  
Whenas the mountains quak'd for dread,  
And sullen clouds bound up his head.  
No, lay thy stately terrors by,  
To talk with me familiarly;  
For if Thy thunder-claps I hear,  
I shall less swoon than die for fear.  
Speak Thou of Love, and I'll reply  
By way of Epithalamy,  
Or sing of mercy, and I'll suit  
To it my viol and my lute:  
Thus let Thy lips but love distil,  
Then come, my God, and hap what will.



## Sufferings



We merit all we suffer, and by far  
More stripes than God lays on the sufferer.

No Coming  
to God with-  
out Christ



Good and great God! how should I fear  
To come to Thee, if Christ not there!  
Could I but think He would not be  
Present, to plead my cause for me;  
To hell I'd rather run, than I  
Would see Thy face, and He not by.

Another,  
to God



Though Thou beest all that active love,  
Which heats those ravish'd souls above;  
And though all joys spring from the glance  
Of Thy most winning countenance;  
Yet sour and grim Thou 'dst seem to me;  
If through my Christ I saw not Thee

To God

God, who me gives a will for to repent,  
Will add a power, to keep me innocent;  
That I shall ne'er that trespass recommit,  
When I have done true penance here for it.

## God's Anger



God can't be wrathful; but we may conclude,

Wrathful He may be, by similitude:

God's wrathful said to be, when He doth do

That without wrath, which wrath doth force us to.

## God's Commands

In God's commands, ne'er ask the reason  
why;  
Let thy obedience be the best reply.

## To God



If I have played the truant, or have here  
Fail'd in my part; oh! Thou that art my  
dear,

My mild, my loving tutor, Lord and God!  
Correct my errors gently with Thy rod.

I know, that faults will many here be  
found,

But where sin swells, there let Thy grace  
abound.

**Good Friday:  
Rex Tragicus, or  
Christ going to  
His Cross**

Put off Thy robe of purple, then go on  
To the sad place of execution:  
Thine hour is come; and the tormentor  
    stands  
Ready, to pierce Thy tender feet, and  
    hands.  
Long before this, the base, the dull, the  
    rude,  
Th' inconstant, and unpurgèd multitude  
Yawn for Thy coming; some ere this time  
    cry,  
How He defers, how loath He is to die!  
Amongst this scum, the soldier with his  
    spear,  
And that sour fellow, with his vinegar,  
His sponge, and stick, do ask why Thou  
dost stay?  
So do the scurf and bran too: go Thy  
    way,



## GOOD FRIDAY

Thy way, Thou guiltless man, and satisfy  
By Thine approach, each their beholding  
eye.

Not as a thief, shalt Thou ascend the  
mount,

But like a person of some high account:  
The cross shall be Thy stage; and Thou  
shalt there

The spacious field have for Thy theatre.  
Thou art that Roscius, and that mark'd-  
out man,

That must this day act the tragedian,  
To wonder and affrightment; Thou art  
He,

Whom all the flux of nations comes to  
see;

Not those poor thieves that act their parts  
with Thee:

Those act without regard, when once a  
King,

And God, as Thou art, comes to suffering.  
No, no, this scene from Thee takes life  
and sense,

And soul and spirit, plot and excellence.  
Why then begin, great King! ascend Thy  
throne,

And thence proceed to act Thy passion,  
To such an height, to such a period rais'd,  
As hell, and earth, and heav'n may stand  
amaz'd.

## *GOOD FRIDAY*

God, and good angels guide Thee; and  
so bless

Thee in Thy several parts of bitterness:  
That those, who see Thee nail'd unto the  
Tree,

May (though they scorn Thee) praise and  
pity Thee.

And we (Thy lovers) while we see Thee  
keep

The laws of action, will both sigh, and  
weep;

And bring our spices, to embalm Thee  
dead;

That done, we'll see Thee sweetly buried.

His Words to Christ,  
going to the Cross

When Thou wast taken, Lord, I oft have  
read,  
All Thy disciples Thee forsook, and fled.  
Let their example not a pattern be  
For me to fly, but now to follow Thee.

**His Saviour's Words,  
going to the Cross**

Have, have ye no regard, all ye  
Who pass this way, to pity me,  
Who am a man of misery?

A man both bruis'd, and broke, and one  
Who suffers not here for mine own,  
But for my friends' transgression!

Ah! Sion's daughters, do not fear  
The cross, the cords, the nails, the spear,  
The myrrh, the gall, the vinegar,

For Christ, your loving Saviour, hath  
Drunk up the wine of God's fierce wrath;  
Only, there's left a little froth,

Less for to taste, than for to show,  
What bitter cups had been your due,  
Had He not drank them up for you.

**His Anthem,  
to Christ on  
the Cross**

When I behold Thee, almost slain,  
With one, and all parts, full of pain:  
When I Thy gentle heart do see  
Pierc'd through, and dropping blood, for  
me,  
I'll call, and cry out, Thanks to Thee.

*Verse*

But yet it wounds my soul, to think,  
That for my sin, Thou, Thou must drink  
Even Thou alone, the bitter cup  
Of fury, and of vengeance up.

*Chorus*

Lord, I'll not see Thee to drink all  
The vinegar, the myrrh, the gall:

*Verse and Chorus*

But I will sip a little wine;  
Which done, Lord say, *The rest is mine.*

To his Saviour's  
Sepulchre: his  
Devotion

Hail, holy, and all honour'd tomb,  
By no ill haunted; here I come,  
With shoes put off, to tread thy room.  
I'll not profane, by soil of sin,  
Thy door, as I do enter in:  
For I have washed both hand and heart,  
This, that, and ev'ry other part;  
So that I dare, with far less fear,  
Than full affection, enter here.  
Thus, thus I come to kiss Thy stone  
With a warm lip, and solemn one:  
And as I kiss, I'll here and there  
Dress Thee with flow'ry diaper.  
How sweet this place is! as from hence  
Flow'd all Panchaia's frankincense;  
Or rich Arabia did commix,  
Here, all her rare aromatics.  
Let me live ever here, and stir  
No one step from this sepulchre.  
Ravish'd I am! and down I lie,  
Confus'd, in this brave ecstasy.

*TO HIS SAVIOUR'S SEPULCHRE*

Here let me rest; and let me have  
This for my heaven, that was Thy grave:  
And, coveting no higher sphere,  
I'll my eternity spend here.

His Offering,  
with the rest, at  
the Sepulchre



To join with them who here confer  
Gifts to my Saviour's sepulchre,  
Devotion bids me hither bring  
Somewhat for my thank-offering.  
Lo! thus I bring a virgin-flower,  
To dress my Maiden-Saviour.



## His coming to the Sepulchre



Hence they have borne my Lord; behold!  
the stone

Is roll'd away, and my sweet Saviour's  
gone.

Tell me, white angel, what is now become  
Of Him we lately seal'd up in this tomb?  
Is He, from hence, gone to the shades  
beneath,

To vanquish hell, as here He conquer'd  
death?

If so, I'll thither follow, without fear,  
And live in hell, if that my Christ stays  
there.

## To Death

Thou bidst me come away,  
And I'll no longer stay,  
Than for to shed some tears  
For faults of former years;  
And to repent some crimes,  
Done in the present times:  
And next, to take a bit  
Of bread, and wine with it:  
To don my robes of love,  
Fit for the place above;  
To gird my loins about  
With charity throughout;  
And so to travail hence  
With feet of innocence:  
These done, I'll only cry  
*"God, mercy! and so die.*

## The New- Year's Gift

Let others look for pearl and gold,  
Tissues or tabbies manifold;  
One only look of that sweet hay  
Whereon the blessed Baby lay,  
Or one poor swaddling-clout, shall be  
The richest New-Year's gift to me.

## Eternity

O years! and age! farewell:  
Behold I go,  
Where I do know  
Infinity to dwell.

And these mine eyes shall see  
All times, how they  
Are lost i' th' sea  
Of vast eternity.

Where never moon shall sway  
The stars; but she,  
And night, shall be  
Drown'd in one endless day.

To his Saviour,  
a Child;  
a Present,  
by a Child

Go, pretty child, and bear this flower  
Unto thy little Saviour;  
And tell Him, by that bud now blown,  
He is the Rose of Sharon known:  
When thou hast said so, stick it there  
Upon His bib, or stomacher:  
And tell Him (for good handsell too),  
That thou hast brought a whistle new,  
Made of a clean straight oaten reed,  
To charm His cries (at time of need):  
Tell Him, for coral, thou hast none;  
But if thou hadst, He should have one;  
But poor thou art, and known to be  
Even as moneyless, as He.  
Lastly, if thou canst win a kiss  
From those mellifluous lips of His,  
Then never take a second on,  
To spoil the first impression.

To his  
Conscience

Can I not sin, but thou wilt be  
My private protonotary?  
Can I not woo thee to pass by  
A short and sweet iniquity?  
I'll cast a mist and cloud, upon  
My delicate transgression,  
So utter dark, as that no eye  
Shall see the hugg'd impiety:  
*Gifts blind the wise*, and bribes do please,  
And wind all other witnesses:  
And wilt not thou, with gold, be tied  
To lay thy pen and ink aside?  
That in the mirk and tongueless night,  
Wanton I may, and thou not write?  
It will not be: And, therefore, now,  
For times to come, I'll make this vow,  
From aberrations to live free;  
So I'll not fear the Judge, nor thee.

## *A THANKSGIVING TO GOD*

Which keeps my little loaf of bread  
Unchipp'd, unflead:  
Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar  
Make me a fire,  
Close by whose living coal I sit,  
And glow like it.  
Lord, I confess too, when I dine,  
The pulse is Thine,  
And all those other bits, that be  
There plac'd by Thee;  
The worts, the purslain, and the mess  
Of water-cress,  
Which of Thy kindness Thou hast sent;  
And my content  
Makes those and my beloved beet  
To be more sweet.  
'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth  
With guiltless mirth,  
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,  
Spic'd to the brink,  
Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand,  
That soils my land;  
And gives me, for my bushel sown,  
Twice ten for one:  
Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay  
Her egg each day:  
Besides my healthful ewes to bear  
Me twins each year:  
The while the conduits of my kine  
Run cream (for wine).

*A THANKSGIVING TO GOD*

All these, and better Thou dost send  
    Me, to this end,  
That I should render, for my part,  
    A thankful heart;  
Which, fir'd with incense, I resign  
    As wholly Thine;  
But the acceptance, that must be,  
    My Christ, by Thee.



Evil



Evil no nature hath; the loss of good  
Is that which gives to sin a livelihood.

Grace for  
a Child

Here, a little child, I stand,  
Heaving up my either hand:  
Cold as paddocks though they be,  
Here I lift them up to Thee,  
For a benison to fall  
On our meat and on our all. Amen.

To his  
Dear God

I'll hope no more  
For things that will not come:  
And, if they do, they prove but cumbersome;

Wealth brings much woe:  
And, since it fortunes so,  
'Tis better to be poor,  
Than so abound,  
As to be drown'd,  
Or overwhelm'd with store.

Pale care, avant!  
I'll learn to be content  
With that small stock, Thy bounty gave  
or lent.

What may conduce  
To my most healthful use,  
Almighty God me grant;  
But that, or this,  
That hurtful is,  
Deny Thy suppliant.

## To Heaven

Open thy gates  
To him, who weeping waits,  
And might come in,  
But that held back by sin.  
Let mercy be  
So kind, to set me free,  
And I will straight  
Come in, or force the gate.

## His Meditation upon Death

Be those few hours, which I have yet to  
spend,

Blest with the meditation of my end:  
Though they be few in number, I'm content;

If otherwise, I stand indifferent:  
Nor makes it matter, Nestor's years to tell,  
If man lives long, and if he live not well.  
A multitude of days still heaped on,  
Seldom brings order, but confusion.

Might I make choice, long life should be  
withstood;

Nor would I care how short it were, if  
good:

Which to effect, let every passing bell  
Possess my thoughts, next comes my dole-  
ful knell:

And when the night persuades me to my  
bed,

I'll think I'm going to be buried:  
So shall the blankets which come over me,  
Present those turfs, which once must cover  
me:

## *MEDITATION UPON DEATH*

And with as firm behaviour I will meet  
The sheet I sleep in, as my winding-sheet.  
When sleep shall bathe his body in mine  
eyes,

I will believe, that then my body dies:  
And if I chance to wake, and rise thereon,  
I'll have in mind my resurrection,  
Which must produce me to that general  
doom,

To which the peasant, so the prince, must  
come,

To hear the Judge give sentence on the  
throne,

Without the least hope of affection.

Tears, at that day, shall make but weak  
defence,

When hell and horror fright the conscience.

Let me, though late, yet at the last, begin

To shun the least temptation to a sin;

Though to be tempted be no sin, until

Man to the alluring object gives his will.

Such let my life assure me, when my  
breath

Goes thieving from me, I am safe in  
death;

Which is the height of comfort, when I  
fall,

I rise triumphant in my funeral.

## To God

The work is done; let now my laurel be  
Given by none, but by Thyself, to me:  
That done, with honour Thou dost me  
create  
Thy Poet, and Thy Prophet Laureate.

